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MARCH 16, 1979

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NATIONAL REVIEW

THE BREAK WITH TAIWAN

IS IT UNCONSTITUTIONAL?
Grover Rees III

IS IT WORTH THE PRICE WE PAID?
Robert Elegant

Also In This Issue:

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and Anthony Lejeune on Britain's Bleak Winter ◆ M. Stanton Evans on a Conservative Confab ◆ Plus Guy Davenport, Mitchell S. Ross, Brian Crozier, M. J. Sobran

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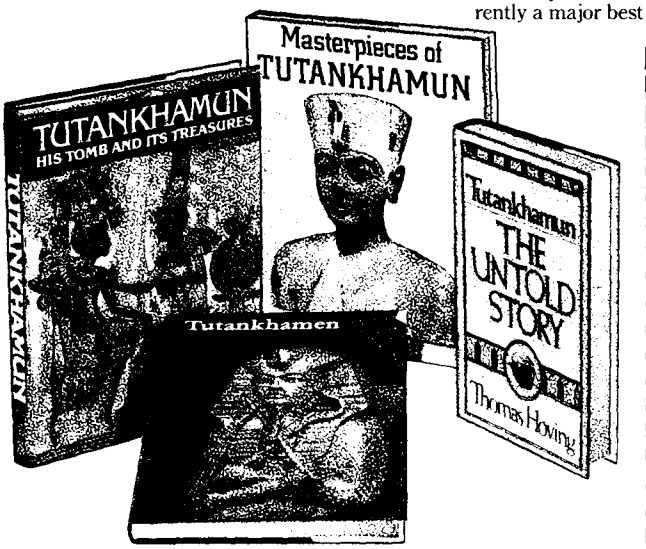

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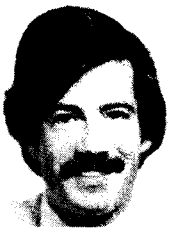
MARCH 16, 1979
VOL. XXXI, No. 11
ISSN: 0028-0038

KELLEY
Page 359

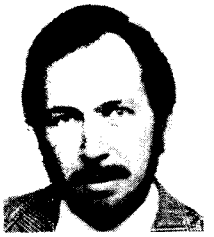
DAVENPORT
Page 368

ELEGANT
Page 348



REES
Page 351

SOBRAN
Page 371



MILES
Page 360

THE TAIWAN BREAK

348 **Is It Worth the Price We Paid?**
The "normalization" with Red China was inevitable, and the break with Taiwan is now a *fait accompli*. That both were premature is no cause for recrimination, but does warrant careful and lucid proceeding. The U.S. may find that far from acquiring a new ally and useful trade partner, it has put itself in an unexpected corner.
Robert Elegant

351 **Is It Unconstitutional?**
Since a treaty with a foreign power is, according to the Constitution, "the supreme Law of the Land," it would seem that the President has the same right to abrogate a treaty as he has to repeal a law: none.
Grover Rees III

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

347 **'Islamic Marxists'**
With the Shah's fall we've gotten many reassuring reminders that Islam is deeply anti-Communist. Tell it to Qaddafi.
Brian Crozier

356 **The Gang's All There**
As CPAC convened in Washington, Ronald Reagan was in top form. So were Crane, Kemp, and Bauman. The *Post* barely noticed. *M. Stanton Evans*

357 **Who Will Bell the Cat?**
"The way to succeed in the Labor Party is to wait until the unions decide their policy, and then follow them." James Callaghan, the author of those words, has succeeded only too well. *Anthony Lejeune*

359 **Naked We Stand . . .**
The Anglican Church has progressed from ecumenism to schism. Lambeth XI tried to cope by favoring tolerance and good will over definition. *H. N. Kelley*

360 **The Love Song of Nijole Sadunaite**
The day of her secret trial was the happiest day of her life. *Jack Miles*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

364 **The Village Theist**
Flannery O'Connor's Letters give us a wonderfully vivid and varied human presence—a "hillbilly Thomist," in her phrase (who else's?). *J. O. Tate*

368 **Silurian Southern**
Suttree is Cormac McCarthy's fourth novel: its *outré* story is the least of its rare virtues.
Guy Davenport

369 **Benign Neglect**
Edmund Wilson called Morley Callaghan "the most unjustly neglected novelist in the English-speaking world." Our reviewer disputes that adverb. *Mitchell S. Ross*

370 **Idle Hands, and Slight**
Invasion of the Body Snatchers was a good, unpretentious thriller in 1956; the 1978 version is ungood and pretentious. And our man convicts *The Innocent*. *John Simon*

371 **Sports Inflation**
TV has given us a superstar glut.
M. J. Sobran

372 **Hiya, Rodin!**
About that picture-book Rocky was working on . . . *Ruth Berenson*

373 **The Jocks—I**
Horses that lose are made into glue, says the jingle. How about those who ride horses that lose? *D. Keith Mano*

328 **Letters**
334 **For the Record**
336 **The Week**
354 **help!!!**
362 **Out of This World**
363 **From the Academy**
375 **Dark Horses**
380 **On the Right**
382 **Trans-O-Gram**

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Letters

Foundation Follies

Ernest van den Haag's expanded book review of Charles Silberman's *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice* ["Crime or Punishment?" March 2] was informative and convincing. It even contained a few splashes of wit, unusual in social-science writing. Criminal justice is another area where the guilt-inspired intentions of liberalism have encountered, and fallen before, the realities of human life.

Yet, as Silberman's book testifies, there are still those who keep the faith, even when confronted by irrefutable facts. Prominent among the faithful is the Ford Foundation, the sponsor of Silberman's study. Never has there been a purer exponent of liberalism, and of its boondoggles: redistribution of wealth, rent control, housing projects, rehabilitation of criminals; the examples are endless. It persists with the futile conviction of Sisyphus. I am grateful to Ernest van den Haag for exposing as a failure another tenet of the Ford Foundation faith.

Angela Mason
Yonkers, N.Y.

Dr. King and Liberty

Why should any conservative wish to establish a national holiday in honor of a man whose morals were reprehensible, whose religion was merely a front for social revolution, whose primary dedication was to American socialism, and whose loyalty to his country was questionable ["The Week," Jan. 19]? The only excuse for Martin Luther King Day is an attempt to placate a racial minority.

Responsible conservatives are working to convince blacks that their best interest will be served by their concurrence in the American system of free enterprise and individualism. I devoutly hope that blacks will develop more leaders who appreciate the true nature of liberty and its antithetical relation to governmental power. Such a leader may someday merit a comparison to the Father of our Country. Martin Luther King Day would place our seal of approval upon the kind of leadership which can only lead to chaos and tyranny.

Dan Walters
Asheville, N.C.

Nukes or Not

I just finished reading the nuclear issue [Feb. 2] cover to cover and found it an excellent, well-researched piece of work. It reinforces my faith, which I had been losing, that it is possible for liberal-arts people and political scientists to understand enough hard science to employ experts in the hard sciences who know what they are talking about.

Wm. Randolph Franklin
Assistant Professor
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Troy, N.Y.

Your interview with Bernard L. Cohen ["Understanding a Trillion-Dollar Question," Feb. 2] has restored my faith in journalism. It has been a long time coming and I hope that members of the blemished media will take note of the fact that there are two sides to every question.

I stop short of asking if Ralph Nader is a registered foreign agent but I do feel that this issue of *NR* brings up some poignant questions concerning the overall effect on our economy of special-interest groups. I would think that a consumer advocate would keep an eye on the consumers' pocketbooks, and deal with recognized, rather than questionable, experts.

Walter P. Peeples Jr.
Houston, Tex.

You write that "this special issue of NATIONAL REVIEW [is] unique in the history of the magazine." This may be true for *NR*'s past, but since I simply cannot synthesize the swirling mass of information surrounding crucial issues nor begin to verify its myriad sources (I suspect this is true for most readers), I hope this format will not be unique but judiciously regular in *NR*'s future. I particularly enjoyed S. K. Oberbeck's pithy satire, "Small May Be Beautiful but Will It Move?" However, I must demur on one point: he has the correct pronunciation but not the correct spelling of "eco-chic"; rather, it should be "eco-sheik," in honor of those gentlemen who most profit from "nuke-scare."

Gregory L. Candela
Los Lunas, N.M.

I applaud your issue on the anti-nuclear lobby. I believe the matter can be taken further. You will have noticed that the environmentalist cabal attacks nuclear power, attacks the oil companies, attacks hydro-electric projects, attacks strip mining. The one energy-retrieval method it does not attack is the one that actually kills people: underground coal mining.

Aryeh H. Samuel
Wheaton, Md.

Noticeably lacking in your otherwise fine issue on nuclear energy was the free-market viewpoint. The eco-freaks view nuclear energy as a political question: they seek to use the power of the state to sup-

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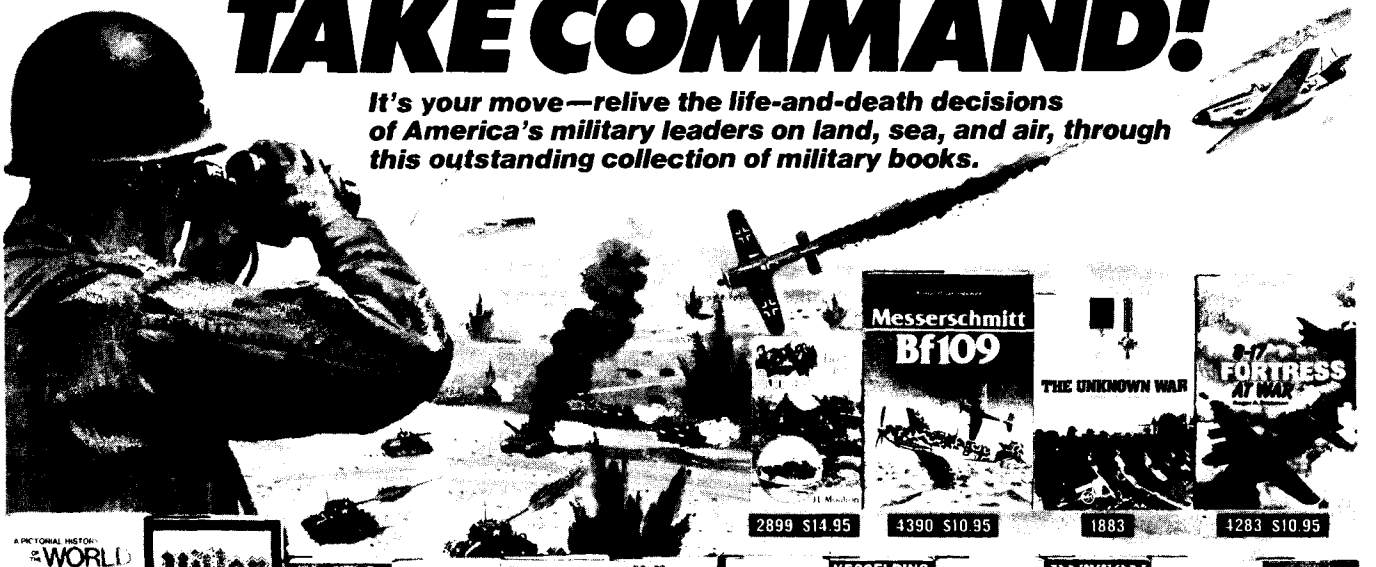

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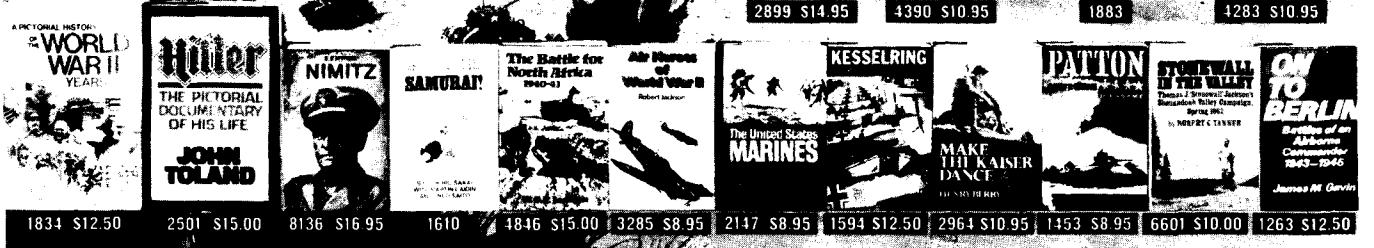

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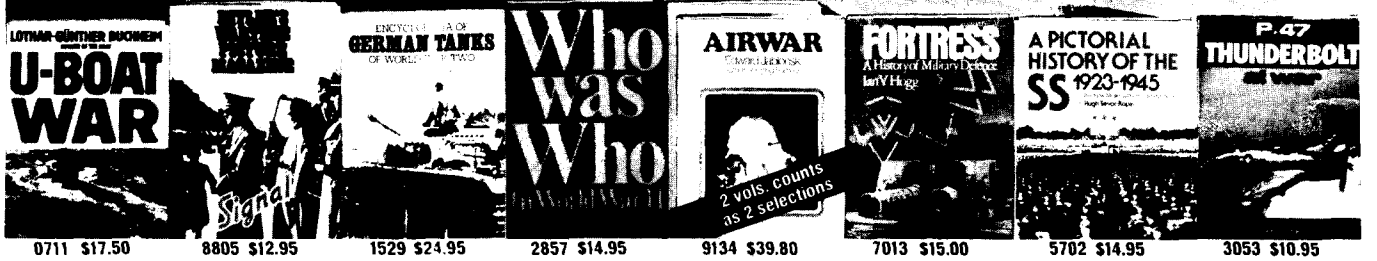

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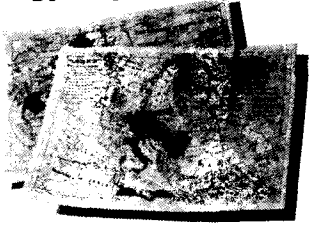

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press nuclear energy whether or not it is economical, and whether or not the consumers want it. Yet, as shown by your articles, some conservatives are equally guilty of politicizing the issue. They aren't satisfied with removing artificial government restraints on nuclear energy: they want special privileges and subsidies for the nuclear industry.

The solution is to take the nuclear debate out of the political arena and put it in the economic sphere, where it belongs. If nuclear power is as safe as pro-nukes claim it is, it doesn't need special privileges such as liability limitations. If nuclear energy is as economical as its supporters claim, it doesn't need government subsidies. If conservatives want government to refrain from interfering with the development of nuclear energy, it would behoove them to stop asking for government handouts.

John A. Braden
Fremont, Mich.

Your nuclear power issue was a prodigious piece of work, thorough and reasonable, so I wonder why you chose to frame it behind such a deceptive cover, which announced, in bold letters, that you had exposed the "Anti-Nuclear Lobby." That shrill, polemical headnote prepared me not at all for the contents, which included a fair, calm interview with Bernard Cohen, and other fair, though tough-minded, discussions of the various aspects of nuclear energy. I fear your cover may have alienated some potential readers from what is essential reading.

Timothy James
Napa, Calif.

I enjoyed the recent issue on nuclear power. However, one short piece in it veritably cut me to the quick. As a member of the younger generation, I may be more sensitive to these things, but the radical invective contained in "The Need for Growth" by George Gilder seemed out of place. I suggest that this sort of material offends (and limits) a readership which treasures *NR* for its incisive approach and its unique coverage of important issues ignored by most of the national media.

Dudley A. Hudspeth
Durham, N.C.

I can find one good thing about your disgustingly biased pro-nuclear-power issue; it *will* start a fire in my woodstove.

John C. Kingston
Bowling Green, Ohio

Free and Easy

The religious "accommodationism" that Thomas Oden decries as antithetical to the essence of Christianity ["The Cusp of the Second Millennium," Jan. 5] is in fact

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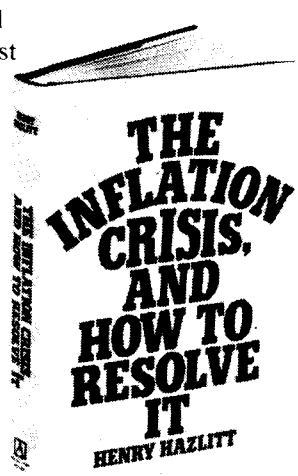

The *only* remedy for inflation

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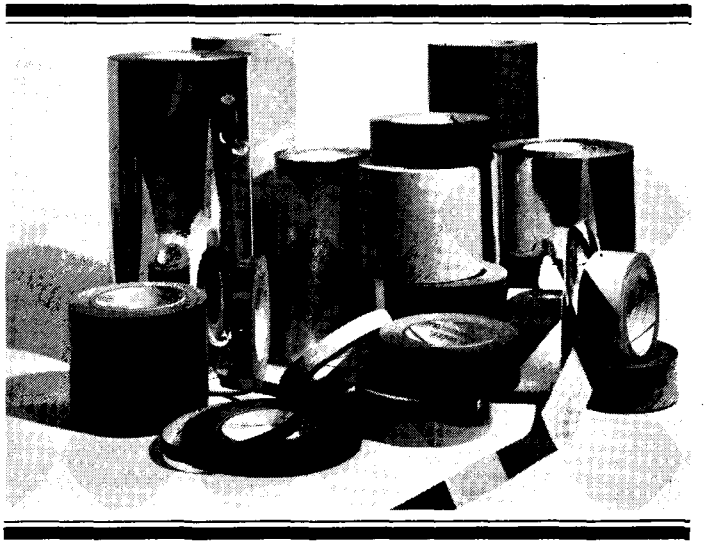

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an intrinsic element of its process of growth. Throughout its history, Christianity has continually had to expand to encompass new forms of the individualistic iconoclasm that is the hallmark of Western civilization. The rise in the divorce rate does not signal the failure of modernity, and does not require the sort of backward-looking solution that Oden yearns for. The attempt to fit all humanity into the same Procrustean marital bed has failed. Modernity is more compatible to developing man because it gives him many choices: lifetime marriages of solemnly covenanted fidelity, marriages that are mere experiments in working out compatibility, informal relationships without the sacrament of marriage, or amalgamation into larger communal groupings that may be more in tune with one's temperament and needs than the isolated twosome. The availability of divorce makes it easier to rectify one's mistakes. This is what God wants: not to coerce everyone into the same homogeneous pattern, but to allow man to triumph over his errors rather than be enslaved by them.

Stanley Fisher
New York, N.Y.

I take exception to Thomas Oden's article "The Cusp of the Second Millennium." Applying social restraints to enforce theological and moral principles is only successful in closed social orders where the offending individual's need for group acceptance is greater than his need for personal freedom. Producing such a closed social order can have disastrous consequences. This can be witnessed by the tragedy in Jonestown, Guyana.

Christianity is not a moral or religious "social order" or system. Christianity is a relationship with Jesus Christ that stresses individual morality and discipleship to the ideals of Christ. The individual is accepted in love by the Christian group for the individual's own good, rather than the group's forcing the individual to adhere to its principles for the good of the group. The differences between the ideals expressed by Oden's article and Christian ideals is the difference between the worldly goodness of Saul of Tarsus and the God-inspired life of the Apostle Paul.

David G. Brown
Fort Carson, Colo.

Mr. Oden Replies

There are two ways to use the term "accommodation"; either in the sense of a happy, pliable, beneficent adaptation to outward circumstances; or (as I used it) in the sense of an excessive, inordinate, perverse adaptation (such as modern Christianity has undertaken) to fad-laden "emergent modern consciousness," to the extent of losing one's identity. Against such

(Continues on page 377)

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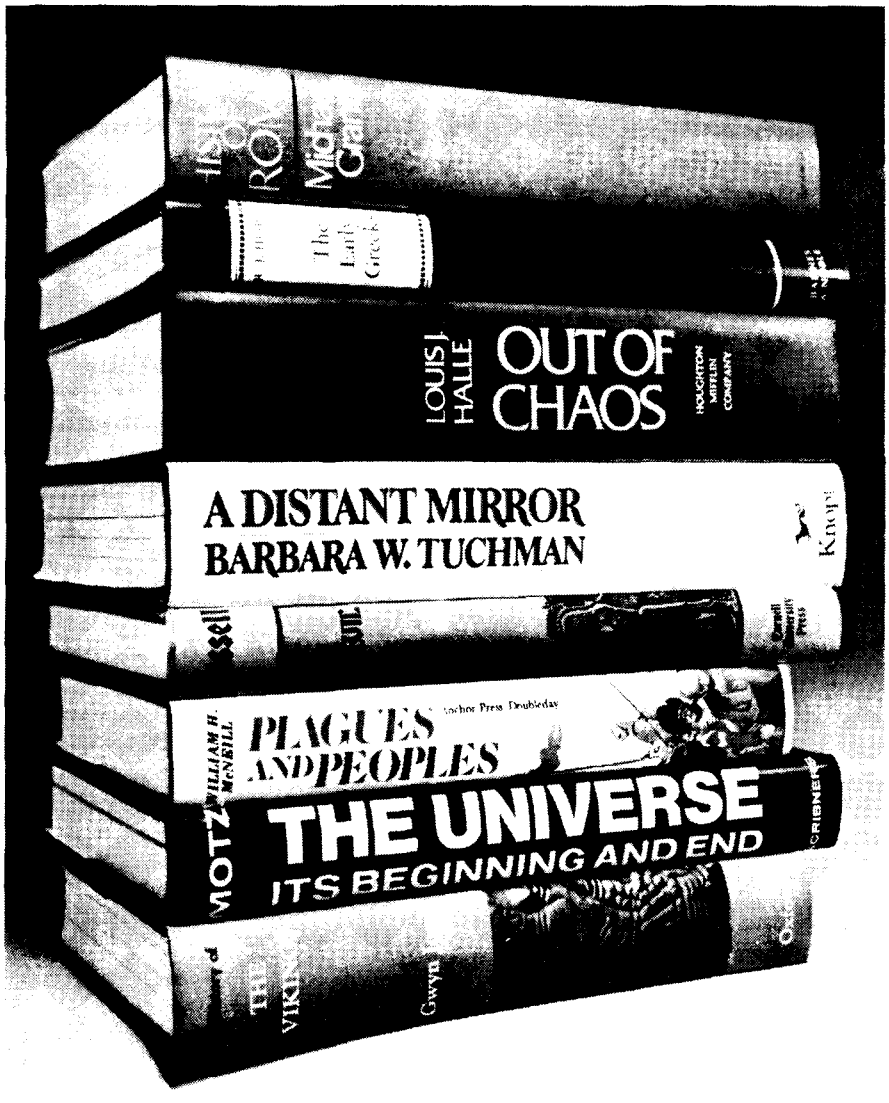

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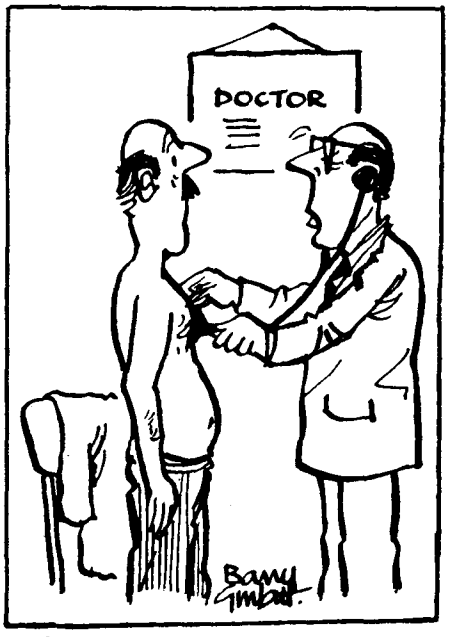
FOR THE RECORD

■ The view from the White House (even excluding the antics of **Billy** and **Gloria**) was dismalest last week. . . . 1) In New York City, Borough President **Andrew Stein** became the first Democratic official in the nation's second largest state to throw in openly with **Teddy Kennedy** for 1980. Said Stein: "I just feel that **Carter** is not going to make it." . . . 2) In Texas, **John Connally** told reporters flat out that Kennedy "will be" the Democratic nominee next year. . . . 3) A *Detroit Free Press* poll showed 63 per cent of those questioned think Kennedy has all the qualifications for the Presidency; a *Los Angeles Times* poll of Democrats found that 78 per cent think Kennedy has "the character, the talent, the intelligence, and the experience to be a good President." . . . 4) **Gallup** found Carter's approval rating among the constituencies he needs to win way down: from 61 to 47 per cent among liberals; from 56 to 36 per cent among blacks; from 66 to 46 among Democrats; from 52 to 39 per cent among Southerners. . . . 5) On the Hill there is talk of presidential bids in 1980 by dark dark horses, Sens. **Adlai Stevenson** (Ill.), **Joseph Biden** (Del.), and **Hugh Carey** (N.Y.)—always a sign that the top dog is insecure. . . . 6) In Texas, Republican Gov. **William Clements** says he's "dedicated to Mr. Carter not carrying Texas in 1980, and he can't win without Texas. . . . He's going to lose Texas . . . and he's going to lose the election." . . . 7) In New Hampshire Sen. **John Durkin**—hardly a mover and doer on the Hill—has taken to making dirty cracks about Carter. "It's high time the ship of state got a helmsman." Democrat Durkin faces a tough re-election fight next year. . . . 8) **Richard Strout** of the *Christian Science Monitor* (and *The New Republic*'s respected TRB), makes a valiant prediction. He says



Gurbutt Rothco

"I think you should be in hospital, but we'll get a second opinion from the union picket."

the next President of the United States could be Gen. **Alexander Haig**. When the country is in trouble, says Strout, it turns to a general. . . . 9) **Ronald Reagan**, as often, got in the most cutting comment of them all on Carter's lackluster State of the Union speech: "Heard in the background music to that speech [was] the sorry tapping of **Neville Chamberlain**'s umbrella on the cobblestones of Munich. He, too, talked of peace in our time."

■ **Florida Republicans** want to get the jump on New Hampshire. They've voted to hold a convention in Orlando on Nov. 10 to vote their preference for the GOP candidate in '80. The vote won't be binding, but it could take some of the luster off New Hampshire's Feb. 26 first-in-the-land primary. . . . This could be good news for Rep. **Phil Crane**, who came out on top in recent poll taken of Florida conservatives. He got 43.6 per cent to 40.9 for Ronald Reagan. . . . An element of gamesmanship here, the story in the *Washington Post*'s Postscript column that Republican Sen. **Gordon Humphrey**, a Crane supporter, believes Ronald Reagan will duck the New Hampshire primary because he might do less well there than the media expect. Comments a Reagan aide: "Balderdash."

■ In *U.S. News* interview, conservative direct-mail genius **Richard Viguerie** predicts a major new development on the American political scene will be what he calls "coalition politics." "The idea is that it isn't important whether you're a Republican or a Democrat, it is important whether you're a liberal or a conservative." Discussing the direct-mail approach, Viguerie pointed out that in 1978 more than 200,000 individuals contributed to **Jesse Helms**'s senatorial campaign—more than contributed to Ronald Reagan's presidential campaign in '76. . . . It's **Bob Bauman** month. The Maryland GOP legislator has 1) been elected chairman of the ACU, replacing Phil Crane, and 2) won "the Certificate of Irresponsibility" from the liberal National Committee for an Effective Congress for "almost single-handedly slowing the flow of legislation." . . . Former New Jersey senatorial candidate **Jeff Bell** has been named President of the Conservative International Council for Economic Policy Studies.

■ Oops, another down-with-Carter item, from the Democrats' Numero Uno spoilsport, former Sen. **Eugene McCarthy**. "Will Carter be a one-term President?" McCarthy was recently asked. "Yes, I think he'll make it," he replied.

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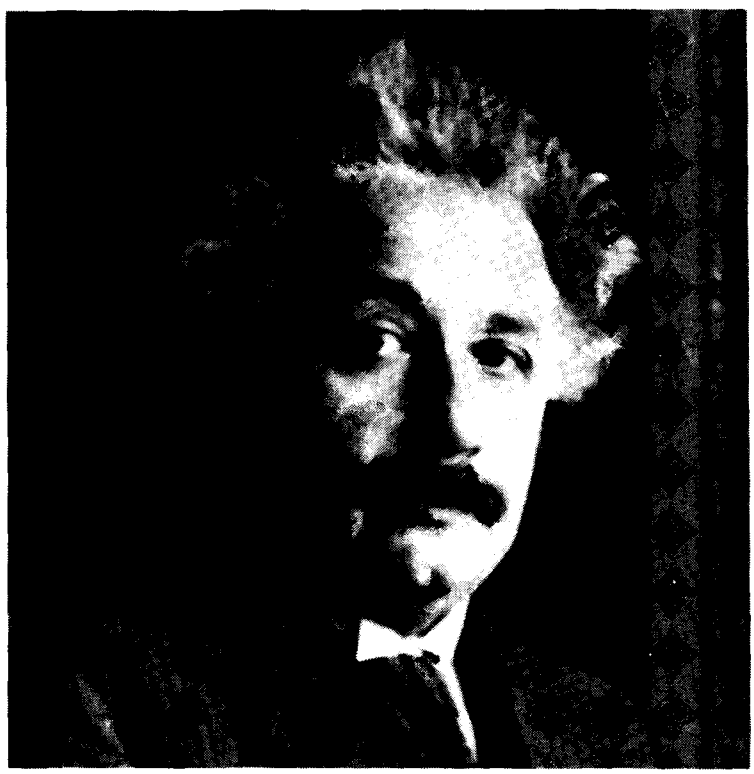
He committed himself to science, peace



and the atom bomb.

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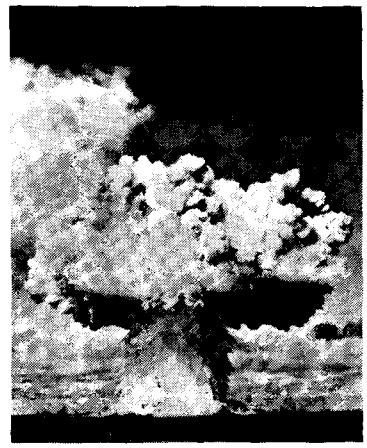

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THE WEEK

■ At a recent banquet given by Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda for visiting Chinese Vice Premier Li Hsien-nien, South African wine was served. The Zambians continue to lack basic commodities such as salt, but, no matter, a range of South African wines has been on Lusaka shelves—Taskelder La Gratitude, Gruenberger Stein, Nederburg Riesling, and Fleur Du Cap—all the fruits of a Zambian buying mission last September. Cheerio, world opinion.

■ From former war protestors, so far, on the Chinese invasion of Vietnam . . . either embarrassed silence, or anger directed against America. Jane Fonda and Daniel Ellsberg refused comment. Cora Weiss flung one at the fan: "It's horrendous. It could have been prevented had the U.S. recognized Vietnam. It left China free to do whatever it wanted to do. It's a shame the U.S. missed another opportunity to create stability in the world." Both Eugene McCarthy and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. ridiculed Johnson and Rusk for viewing our war in Vietnam as an attempt to stop *Chinese* expansionism, ha ha ha, not pausing to note that Hanoi was and is a *Soviet* client. Curious—no?—that what moral indignation the American Left has so far been able to muster *re* the Chinese invasion has been directed at . . . us.

■ On ABC's *Issues and Answers*, February 25, Governor Jerry Brown stuck to his guns, calling for a constitutional convention to express the people's deep-seated yearning to correct the abuses of big government, touting the balanced-budget amendment as a necessary first step toward fiscal reform, mentioning the price of gold as an index of the popular mistrust of printing-press monetary policy, and pointedly relating the many themes of concern: "It is my belief," he said, "that too many people in this political establishment are underestimating the very deleterious consequences of the fiscal excesses in the last decade. I don't think they are taking it seriously enough and that is why I have endorsed the rather serious initiative of a call to convention. It is unprecedented, but my judgment is that the decline of the dollar, the decline in investment, the decline in productivity, the decline in American power abroad, and the loss of public confidence at home justifies this kind of unprecedented call to rejuvenate what I call our productive capacity through a balanced budget."

■ The Old Liberals in the Senate are a dwindling breed, subject to challenge from Father Time or a new face in the opposition. Coming up fast are a handsome clutch of influential conservative senators—Jake Garn and Orrin Hatch of Utah, Paul Laxalt of Nevada, Malcolm Wallop of Wyoming, Jack Schmitt of New Mexico, Jim McClure of Idaho. Meanwhile, Representatives Jack Kemp (New York) and Steve Symms (Idaho) have set their sights on the Senate; there's more to come. An able, attractive, numerous, and savvy bloc of conservatives in the Senate! Wonder of wonders.

■ Because of some internal political rivalry, the California Assembly's Ways and Means Committee did not pass Governor Jerry Brown's proposal of a constitutional convention to offer a balanced-budget amendment. Instead, the Committee called on Congress to design the amendment. The press has tried to call this a defeat for Brown. A few more "defeats" like that, and Jerry Brown will be a national hero.

■ Last year's $500-billion federal budget was officially designated "lean and tight." This year's $530-billion budget was officially designated "lean and austere." Lean being a constant, it follows mathematically that "austere" means $30 billion more in the federal trough this year. God help us all when they get around to some real belt-tightening.

■ We are being told that it would be a terrible thing if the people should form a constitutional convention that might exercise genuine political power. It would be unkind to observe that many of those who deplore the threat of popular sovereignty are the same people who have been complaining for years about the voters' "apathy."

■ The term "public interest lawyer" conjures up a familiar image. Young, Naderist, bright, and resourceful. Well, shift the focus, because the Washington Legal Foundation has taken to court Jimmy Carter, the Democratic National Committee, and the General Services Administration. It now provides continuing legal advice in a host of other actions. Litigation, anyone?

■ A *L'Express* article by investigative reporter Jean Montaldo has French Communists turning a deeper shade of red. After spending months poring over banking documents, Montaldo unearthed an interesting fact: the French Communist Party, that bastion of Eurocommunism, keeps the major portion of its cash in a bank called Banque Commerciale pour l'Europe du Nord. As it happens, 99.7 per cent of the bank is owned by the Soviet government. (The remaining 0.3 per cent is reportedly in the hands of a reliable Frenchman.) At the next congress of the French Communists, now slated for May, the Party is expected to strike an understanding posture toward the USSR, thus enabling the "Eurocommunists" to sustain their Moscow connection.

■ Twenty thousand Russian Christians have submitted their names, ages, and addresses to the Supreme Soviet,

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Jobs

one view of a national issue facing the electric power industry.

The national goal of unlimited economic growth is being seriously questioned. In the backlash, the proposal for a no-growth economy is the extreme example of less-is-more thinking. But for those people in our society whose hopes for decent jobs and a better standard of living would be thwarted by a steady-state economy, less is irretrievably less.

Since energy is inextricably tied to economic growth and the resultant increased job market, we are vitally concerned with this debate. As public utilities, we must take a stand that we believe is in the best interests of all sectors of our society. To formulate our position, we undertook a two-year study, utilizing several computer forecasting models to examine the available growth options.

The study suggests rejection of both extremes: unlimited expansion and no-growth. The public interest can best be served through what might be called "quality growth"—a natural evolution of economic expansion that encompasses the constraints necessary to meet current energy problems but still permits the job opportunities that bring more of our citizens into the economic mainstream.

The historical perspective:

It is important to recognize that we are in a transitional period between two energy epochs, the fossil fuel age and the future energy era. Fuels are available to meet the world's predictable energy needs for billions of years! What we are short of is the technology to convert available fuel sources into working energy. During this transitional period, we must deal with the supply-demand gap by conservation and the greater use of abundant energy forms (coal and nuclear).

The GNP-energy-job link:

Because all business activities require energy, the use of energy rises in relation to the rise in Gross National Product. With an estimated 19 million new jobs needed in the next ten years to handle the projected increased work force, either the economy must grow or unemployment will grow. And if new jobs are to be created, a reliable and growing supply of energy is vital. As you may know, a number of national organizations, such as the NAACP National Energy Conference, have recognized this necessity.

The high-growth and no-growth fallacies:

The high-growth scenario is plainly outdated, originating in times of favorable conditions that are unlikely to return again. Yet the no-growth scenario not only would entail massive employment dislocations, but it is profoundly pessimistic as well as selfish, taking a doomsday view of this transitional period between energy epochs. Our energy problems will entail major readjustments for years to come, but such readjustments are surely preferable to the authoritarian control of wages, prices and employment a no-growth scenario would necessitate.

The moderate stance:

The electric utility companies' study suggests generating an average economic growth rate in GNP of between 3.5% and 3.7% a year, which would retain an economy strong enough to sustain employment and preserve our standard of living. Only a vital economy can develop the capital resources necessary to keep our society afloat, including the $650 billion that will be needed in the next 15 years to convert electric plants from oil to the more abundant coal and uranium fuels.

It would be a disservice to the public to suggest that the nation's electric companies, any more than the Congress or the Executive branch, have all the answers. Critical questions remain, and others will surely arise. But as the eminent British biologist Sir Peter Medawar has said, "To deride the hope of progress is the ultimate fatuity, the last word in poverty of spirit and meanness of mind."

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

It was February 20, a day that will live in bureaucratic curiosity. We were scratching the whiskers from our chin, listening absently to the local all-news station. The reports from foreign capitals flowed in, documenting the turn of events from bad to worse. The American empire in retreat on all fronts. We paused, unsettled, until the actuality came beeping through the phone line from the State Department: a "strong protest" from the Great Deplorer. There, that ought to quiet the revolutionary mobs, we figured.

The all-news format then wandered off to the economic story. Bits and pieces, left unrelated by superintending editors, but accumulating in unmistakable patterns. The gold price through the roof. Silver following close behind. Reports of ripoffs in the precious-stones market and the monthly celebration of the real-estate boom that gives Washington its distinctive social complexion. Cost-of-living increases surpassing government estimates for the umpteenth month in a row and a reflexive attack on those unscrupulous Japanese businessmen who keep forcing quality products down our throats at prices we can afford to pay. Things may look grim, we figured, but at least we have G. William Miller protecting the integrity of the currency.

After the economic report, a change of pace. A lifestyle feature, they call it, this one on health. The crackling telephone interview brings us the authoritative voice of a Naderite (are they all named Mark?) revealing new evidence of carcinogenic properties in . . . but wait, static bursts through the portable machine and we are unable to identify the threat du jour. We finger the dial for a few seconds, trying to catch Mark's rhetorical sign-off. We know that the government must act, and act promptly—but what is the problem, for goshsakes? Alas, the interview is lost in the upper atmosphere. We have nothing to fear but fear itself.

The program director then switches to the sports desk. Local sports shows, it should be noted, are dotted with news of Terps and Hoyas and other such obscurities. The notion seems to be that while the business of Washington is by its very nature international, the sports world can be made so local as to defy penetration even from adjoining counties. To the freshly arrived observer it is a lingering puzzlement why the University of Maryland football team should receive equal newsplay with the Washington Redskins. To the settled Washingtonian the coverage is perfectly symmetrical. After all, *anybody* can follow the Redskins.

We are knee-deep in details from the latest Terp-Deacon-Wolfpack scrum when the electric moment arrives. The regular announcer is shoved off the air by "this special report," *bum-be-dee bum*: "This report just in for all government workers. Because of the winter storm, the Office of Personnel Management has declared a Condition 3 effective immediately. We repeat this special report for all employees of the Federal Government: Condition 3 is in effect today." That's it. Nothing more.

We stand staring back at the mirror, waiting for Stan Freberg to scream, "Condition 3! What's a Condition 3?" But, in the inexorable march of all-news, it's back to the Terps and their upcoming clash with Blue Devils and Cavaliers. We towel off and head for the phone. We like the sound of this Condition 3.

A few old hands are up and around and we request an English translation of the radio bulletin. Condition 3, it seems, is a rare civil-service bird, a day on which only those workers identified as "essential"—identified *by themselves* —need report to work. In other words, all workers receive full pay regardless of whether they show up, and those who do show up receive no overtime pay. We have a small shiver of excitement. It is a moment of history, Terp-fans: the federal bureaucracy is about to submit to a lie-detector test.

We start dialing around town. All but three of the 12 Cabinet secretaries are in. Let the historical record show that Patricia Harris of HUD, Brock Adams of Transportation, and Bob Bergland of Agriculture were no-shows. (How to grade these delinquencies? A for Honesty or E for Effort, Lack of? A tough call.) Returns from lower-level precincts are less ambiguous. At State, a suspicious young lady reports that her "best guess" is that about 120 employees are working. "And how many employees, total, do you have there?" we inquire. "About seven thousand," she says. Over at HEW, the gang is more savvy in the business of crowd-counting. A gentleman in the press office guesstimates that half of their 37,000 metropolitan-area employees are at work. We offer to pay a dollar for every worker who files a time card for the day, if he will pay a dollar for every one who doesn't. No takers. At HUD they are not answering the phone (at last, an urban strategy!) and at Interior they are: Secretary Cecil Andrus is picking up his own phone, a factlet that will build to full-grown legend in the days ahead.

We hang up our own telephone oddly reassured. At least for today we will not be getting all the government we're paying for. What the hell, we'll even waive the refund. —CATO

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requesting permission to emigrate because of religious persecution. Soviet regulations prohibit the Christians —Baptists, Lutherans, Pentecostals, Russian Orthodox— from teaching their children about God, or from taking them to church before the age of 18. None of the requests so far has been accepted. What is needed, according to a spokesman of the Tolstoy Foundation, which is monitoring eight hundred such cases, "is a campaign for Christian emigration as persistent as the one for Jewish emigration." Hans Küng, Bishop Moore —any takers?

■ Predictably, with the revolution against the Shah won, the victors are now splitting. In addition to splinters from Khomeini's Islamic front, the main cleavage—also predictably—is created by the Communists, encouraged by radio broadcasts from the USSR, which is not deterred by U.S. warnings concerning them. The Communists themselves are somewhat split, but at the center there is the mainline Tudeh Party. Speed is of the essence to the Communists, who want to make their play before the non-Communists re-establish order and gain institutional control. Some encouragement may be taken

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from the alacrity with which Ayatollah Khomeini and his cohorts have recognized the Communists' play and responded to it. The frustration of a left-wing effort to use Sergeant Kraus to drive a wedge between Khomeini and the U.S. was one illustration. So was the disapproval of a huge Communist parade. On the other hand, Khomeini's own forces contain extremist, possibly crypto-Communist elements such as "Mujahiddin," an anti-U.S. group, one of whose leaders, Masud Rajavi, is increasingly siding with the Marxist elements who favor establishment of "workers' councils" to gain control of the oil fields. It is a critical time, and recognized as such by the Bazargan government and Khomeini elements that are trying to find a formula for putting the Iranian army together again, and thus to avoid becoming the Kerenskys of the Iranian Revolution.

■ Vietnam's enterprising rulers have discovered a handy source of cash: their own people. The Communists have for months been extracting money from would-be refugees in exchange for the privilege of risking their lives at sea. According to Representative Elizabeth Holtzman, chairman of the House Judiciary subcommittee on immigrants, refugees, and international law, the Communists have netted at least $30 million from the "racket in human beings," thereby disproving the canard that the Vietnamese don't recognize the value of a human life.

■ Lee Marvin has produced a surprise witness who testifies that he made love to Michelle Triola Marvin about fifty times during the time the Marvins lived together. Johnny Carson predicts that the man will claim half of whatever the court awards Michelle.

■ Guess who characterizes American medicine as "a vast, sprawling, highly expensive, and virtually non-competitive industry, commanding an ever-larger share of our nation's resources"? HEW Secretary Joe Califano, chief officer of the biggest, most wasteful bureaucracy in human history, whose domain includes Medicare, Medicaid, and other, similar efforts to make American medicine more expensive, less competitive, and ripe for take-over by HEW.

■ A Minnesota man has been allowed to cease paying alimony to his ex-wife after learning that she was living with a lesbian lover. Though he had agreed to support her "until such time as she remarries or dies," he contended that this was a horse of a different color. Judge Joseph P. Summers agreed. Surprisingly, the National Gay Task Force praised the decision, on grounds that homosexual unions should be treated just like heterosexual ones. The judge, however, ruled that this was a routine "material change in circumstances" and cautioned against regarding the case as a landmark. To observe matter-of-fact points of similarity between a marriage and a homosexual liaison is not at all to assert that the two are essentially identical. Hats off to Judge Summers, and may he live to make many more non-landmark decisions.

■ Unconfirmed report: Peking has invited Bob Hope to entertain the troops now fighting in Vietnam.

Chinese Geopolitics

China's "lesson" for Vietnam brings a new style to the world arena, long dominated by the traditional cold war/detente/Third World cast. The idea of pursuing policy by a brief incursion as exemplary punishment is novel in these times, but also appropriate for those who developed Chinese opera, which thrives on exemplary symbolism. Of course, Vice Premier Teng has more than symbolism in mind. He intends a damaging blow at Vietnam's expanding role in Indochina and the USSR's expanding role in the Far East. But, also like Chinese opera, China's move has complex origins and meanings.

In a large strategic sense China is asserting its influence in the Southeast Asian environment. The retreat of the West (first Europe and then America) left, if not a vacuum, a low-pressure area which China must compete with the USSR to fill. The USSR, of course, led from strength in Indochina and would like a base at Camranh Bay, even as it has historically sought an outlet on the Persian Gulf and is already ensconced at Aden. Had the Chinese opposed the extension of Soviet influence while we were still assisting South Vietnam, then the Soviet Union might have been squeezed out. But then, our leadership at that time was mistakenly, tragically, pinning its hopes on the Soviet Union to restrain North Vietnam.

To borrow the terminology of Sir Halford Mackinder, China is in the position of the "heartland" relative to the maritime "rimland" of Southeast Asia, even as the USSR is "heartland" relative to the Middle Eastern northern tier of Turkey, Iran, and Pakistan. As China presses south in the Far East, so the USSR presses on Iran, and recently engineered the coup in Afghanistan. Ironically, however, when it comes to Southeast Asia, the USSR must assume the role of the maritime power moving into the "rimland." In the long run, therefore, China has many advantages, especially population and proximity.

In another sense, China has undertaken to punish the USSR for Stalin's refusal to grant China high priority and build it up to major-power status. In particular, Mao resented Stalin's refusal to assist in the development of Chinese nuclear arms and his neglect of large-scale economic aid.

On the internal ideological level, Teng is turning the

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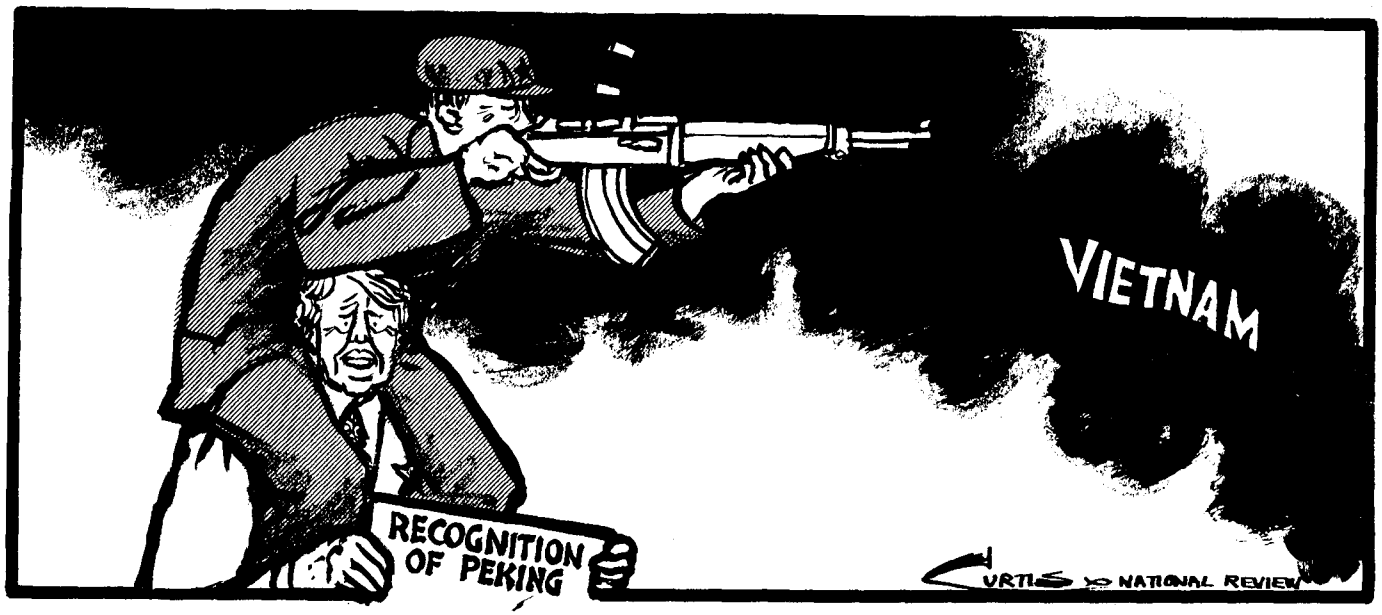

tables on puritanical Maoism, which limited China's power to what a rigidly egalitarian and agrarian communal society might achieve. Like utopian impositions elsewhere, Mao's ideological framework constricted China's potentiality, and finally had to give. Having secured access to the Western technological and economic resources needed to build a stronger, more industrial China, Teng already feels able to borrow against China's future power to administer a limited military blow against "hegemonism."

How far will it go? Mr. Teng has been at pains to assure the world, and especially the USSR, of the limited scope of the operation in both space and time. He compares it to the 33-day Sino-Indian conflict in 1962. He says he considered the contingencies; he seems not to expect direct Russian intervention. In this "incursion," moreover, Teng has ignored the axiom that Communist borders are inviolable and that Soviet clients may not be directly assaulted—a useful bit of revisionism.

Because of the linkage between Sino-American normalization and the educational exercise in Vietnam, the U.S. has a heavy stake in the result. For once, however, it is good to have someone asserting our interest in the process of asserting his own. Man-of-the-year nominations remain open.

No Critical Credibility

Under the headline "No Nuclear Credibility," Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* assembled a collection of incidents all related, directly or indirectly, to the subject of nuclear power. 1) Since September, 447 claims have been filed against the government for damages caused by atomic-bomb tests in Nevada in the 1950s. A New England medical journal reports abnormal leukemia rates among people in Utah living in the path of the fallout. 2) A former welder in the Portsmouth, Maine naval shipyard announces that he has a list of forty co-workers who died after working on the Navy's early nuclear reactor program. A Boston hematologist reported in 1977 that nuclear workers in the Yard had a leukemia rate six times higher than non-nuclear workers. 3) A freedom-of-information suit confirms a long-standing rumor that Israel hijacked two hundred tons of uranium ore from a ship bound for Italy in 1968. 4) The Nuclear Regulatory Commission announced—in what Wicker called "the most egregious" incident—that it would no longer "regard as reliable" the conclusions of the Rasmussen Report on nuclear plant safety. The Rasmussen Report, issued in 1975, had concluded that the risks of dying in a nuclear accident were the same as the risks of being struck by a meteorite.

Taking the points one by one:

1. Fall-out, obviously, is a dangerous nuclear waste. Nuclear plants, just as obviously, do not generate it.

2. Safety features in military installations are traditionally more lax. The first reactor in the Russian bomb project was operated without a radioactive shield. No one, however, has found abnormal cancer rates in the power program or in the commercial industry. In 1977, three researchers reported an unusual number of cancers among workers at the Hanford nuclear plants near Richland, Washington. These conclusions were repudiated in a dozen independent research papers, including one by a statistician who had worked on the same project.

3. Israel could have *bought* the ore on the open market in 1968; it stole it in order to act in secret. The International Atomic Energy Agency—which Wicker criticizes for not tightening its security measures—is an inspector and a regulator, not a policeman. If anomalies are discovered, as this one was, then political steps must be taken, as they apparently have been. Nobody has incinerated Damascus.

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4. Finally, the Rasmussen Report. In January, a team headed by Harold Lewis of the University of California concluded that the Rasmussen Report on nuclear plant safety was "inscrutable . . . difficult to follow . . . conscientious . . . murky," causing the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to withdraw its support of it.

Gaudy headlines ("Experts Waffle on A-Power Hazards") followed. The Lewis paper did not pass judgment on nuclear power itself, however—merely on the calculations of risk (as dangerous as meteorites) that the earlier report had made. "Personally," Lewis said later, "I think Rasmussen's numbers were too high," that is, they exaggerated the danger. High or low, the dangers of nuclear power are so small that, even when the critics' numbers are used (see "Q & A: Understanding a Trillion-Dollar Question," *NR*, February 2), it compares favorably with the major alternative, coal.

Wicker's larger point—that government assurances are not to be trusted—remains true. That is why a prudent society is reluctant to rely on them. Even a federal seal of approval, however, is not an automatic disqualification. The case against nuclear power remains to be made.

Hope on the Tax Front

Congress just woke up to the fact that inflation is eroding the nation's capital, and seems prepared to do something about it. Among others, the following important bills have been introduced:

Representative Clarence Brown (R., Ohio) and Senator James McClure (R., Idaho) propose a tax credit of up to 50 per cent for additions to personal savings, whether in the form of bank and savings accounts, stock, bonds, insurance, or assets of small business.

Senators Robert Dole (R., Kan.) and Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) propose to allow employees to take a tax deduction for money put into private pension plans and individual retirement accounts.

Representative Barber Conable (R., N.Y.) and Senator Dole want to do away with the attack on inheritance contained in the 1976 Tax Reform Act.

Representative Willis Gradison (R., Ohio) and Senators Gary Hart (D., Colo.) and Robert Dole all want to index individual income taxes for inflation, while Representative Brown wants to index capital gains and the corporate income tax brackets.

Senator Lloyd Bentsen (D., Tex.) wants to allow faster depreciation, as does Representative James Jones (D., Okla.).

Of course, Kemp-Roth is back slashing away at the personal income tax in a more potent form than ever. The new bill is buttressed with indexing and a spending limitation.

Representative Marjorie Holt (R., Md.) is preparing a substitute budget resolution offering tax cuts paid for by specific spending cuts.

Realizing that regulation is just another form of taxation, various bills are being proposed to cut red tape to the bone. Senator Orrin Hatch (R., Utah) proposes to require federal agencies to compensate, out of their own budgets, private businesses for the cost of complying with federal paperwork demands. Some of the legislative moves against the bureaucrats are coming from strange quarters. Senators Charles Percy (R., Ill.) and Abraham Ribicoff (D., Conn.) want to "sunset" all regulatory agencies under an eight-year process. Senators Thomas Eagleton (D., Mo.) and Gaylord Nelson want economic impact reports on proposed regulations and "sunseting" every five years.

In the absence of legislative action on the tax front, the average personal income tax rate is slated to rise by 17 per cent between now and 1982.

Iran

The tumbrel rolls its ghastly way;
  The baskets fill with heads.
Robespierre may also share
  The fate each noble dreads.
Then will some Caesar's silhouette
  Appear upon the scene?
Or shall we bet the Soviet
  Will lick the platter clean?

W. H. VON DREELE

The Real World And Its Denizens

Just how bad is Rhodesia? Not all that bad, according to a pair of observers in the *New York Times*. Guest columnist Richard West, a correspondent for the London *Spectator*, notes that "it is now only a few months since Ian D. Smith's government abolished the last segregation laws with regard to schools, urban housing, bars, hotels, and the like. Yet now Rhodesia, pariah of Western civilization, enjoys far better racial relations than most countries in Africa and even some countries outside, notably Britain." He contrasts the civility and amiability of Rhodesian race relations and the safety of its cities with those of England, implicitly raising the question whether some day integrated Rhodesia will be sending arms to West Indians in London and Birmingham. (Just kidding, Andy.)

The *Times*' own John F. Burns writes, from Salisbury, a story headlined "Many Rhodesians, Black and White, Think the West Erred." He says pretty much what Mr. West says about the country's racial harmony, add-

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ing, "As for self-rule, many find British and American standards unusually exacting. Zambia's President Kenneth D. Kaunda recently won re-election after barring his leading rival by amending the election rules. Tanzanian President Julius K. Nyerere is notorious for the political detainees in his prisons. Neither Angola nor Mozambique, both Marxist, has held free national elections. Whatever its failings, the April election in Rhodesia is likely to be freer than many others, and the new Rhodesian Constitution contains broader protections of human rights than those of most African states.

"Anglo-American reluctance to offer the Salisbury leaders any encouragement seems even more peculiar in view of the political precepts of the guerrilla leaders, who have demanded outright power. Mr. Mugabe, a self-described Marxist, told American newsmen that if the blacks of Rhodesia don't like his ideology, 'then we will have to re-educate them.' Neither man has disavowed or made any apparent effort to restrain guerrilla bands who make a consistent policy of murdering civilians and abducting children by the hundreds."

Contrast, however, *Times* columnist Anthony Lewis, who recently interviewed Mugabe in Mozambique. Mugabe is "a trim fifty, the best-educated of Rhodesia's leaders, articulate, rational, a practicing Catholic. He was a teacher and has several degrees. . . . He did not sound doctrinaire. He emphasized that he was a socialist and was committed to redistributing wealth to the 'dispossessed African,' but he spoke in pragmatic and gradualist terms. . . . Even persons antagonistic to his politics concede that he is not corrupt, and the signs are that he has imposed discipline on a guerrilla army. . . . Conservatives denounce him as a 'Marxist terrorist.' But he is doing well militarily and politically, and his mind does not seem closed."

Mr. Lewis omits only "brave, clean, and reverent." The key point, for him, is that Mugabe is "not corrupt." The desire for total power, as long as it is couched in terms of lofty aspirations, is not a form of corruption—not even if it employs as its means the systematic murder of the innocent. Genuinely corrupt, repressive regimes (e.g., Ian Smith's) are to be judged ruthlessly by their record and held irredeemable except by abdication. Unconsummated "Marxist" or "socialist" regimes, however, must be judged by their promises—their "commitments"—until it's too late to do anything about them.

Where have we heard this sort of thing before? Well, in 1975. That was the year Asia was cleansed of a pair of corrupt, repressive regimes. Anthony Lewis was even then writing columns informed with high hopes for the new order, condemning the "cultural arrogance" of those Westerners who expected the worst from the new Cambodian regime as it force-marched millions out of Phnom Penh. It is one thing for naïve college demonstrators to ask that we give peace a chance, another for a professional political moralist on one of our major newspapers to demand that we give Pol Pot a chance. Pol Pot has of course flunked his probation; and though Mr. Lewis has muttered his disapproval of genocide, we have noticed no sense of contrition, no diminution of his confidence in his skills in analyzing global realities, predicting events, or judging character. But like Pol Pot, like Mugabe, he deserves to be judged not by his professions but by his past. Even a journalist can bear a share of responsibility for the world's grisliness. Mr. Lewis' optimism is as resilient, but not as amiable, as Mr. Micawber's.

Through History with Jimmy

At Trenton he'd have paused until
Spring moderated winter's chill.
As Dolly stashed the White House plate,
He would have called for more debate.
At Sumter, he'd have asked for "talks."
With Spain, he would have canned the hawks.
As for World Wars both I and II,
His bio might have read, SNAFU.
He claims he cruised beneath the foam:
Why can't he send one wetback home?

W. H. VON DREELE

Destabilizing the World

UN Secretary General Waldheim exaggerated when he described the hostilities in Southeast Asia as the most serious threat to world peace since the Cuban missile crisis. But it would not have been diplomatic for him to point to the frightening disorientation of the United States as the most dangerously destabilizing phenomenon since the disorientation and paralysis of Western Europe in the face of the onslaughts of Hitler and Mussolini in the middle 1930s. The Cuban missile threat, after all, was disarmed by American military superiority, determination, and leadership, which are precisely the elements whose absence today causes the disorientation which threatens to destabilize the world.

The Carter Administration is not responsible for all the ills that beset the U.S., but it is responsible for facing up to them and setting a strategy to deal with them. This is the crisis in the current U.S. disorientation—the need for a serious and coherent strategy. The message of the President's speech at Georgia Tech was not just restraint, tailoring our actions to our capabilities. The message was a "lead from weakness." We all know the U.S. is on a bad wicket in the wake of Vietnam (1975), Watergate, Angola, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, Iran, etc. Right now, what we desperately need is a frank analysis of our plight—followed, not by a lead from present weakness, but by a plan to overcome that weakness.

The Administration has an uncertain grasp of the relatedness of things. Last year President Carter said a SALT treaty is related (as is the neutron bomb) to So-

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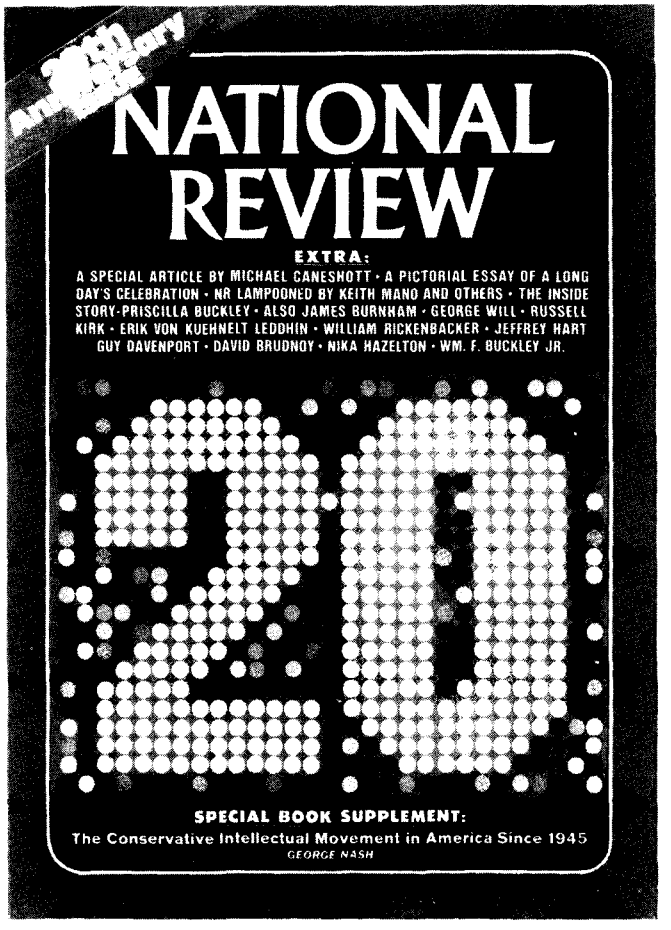
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viet behavior in Africa and elsewhere. As quickly as the USSR put down this "linkage," Secretary Vance said there really is no "linkage," that SALT is valued for its intrinsic merits. Now, at Georgia Tech, the President says that there is "linkage" in that Soviet misbehavior in Iran or elsewhere is an added reason *for* a SALT treaty. But wait. Carter also warned that intervention by the USSR in Iran "will have serious consequences and will affect our broader relationship." How? Well, says an authoritative official aboard Air Force One, it could affect "the whole fabric and tone" of our relations. But apparently SALT is not part of the "fabric," as it will not be affected. Now Jody Powell says if the Senate fails to ratify a SALT treaty, the President will apply it anyway to avoid "re-opening the arms race," although the only strategic arms race run since SALT I in 1972 has been run by the USSR while the U.S. has progressively slipped toward second position. To apply the terms of SALT II in the face of Senate disapproval would amount to a new unenforceable "moratorium" like the ill-fated "test-ban moratorium," a mistake which President Kennedy vowed we would never repeat. Beyond that, it would destroy the Executive-Legislative "linkage," leading to "impoundment" of funds appropriated for military purposes which the President did not approve.

Said President Carter at Georgia Tech: "I will seek both to conclude a SALT II agreement and to respond to any Soviet behavior which adversely affects our interests." This is called squaring the circle, and in a way it is the obverse of Lyndon Johnson's over-commitment of the U.S. to both the Great Society *and* the Vietnam War. President Carter is under-committing the U.S., one hand to strategic arms inferiority and the other to a one-handed defense of our national interests.

Goddam Bores

Three times in the last thirty years *L'Express* has taken an in-depth look at the current thinking of French high-school and college students. The results of the last sounding, taken in the final months of 1978, have just been published (Jan. 20, 1979), and point to a generation far removed from the political activists—the Daniel Cohn-Bendits and the like—who took to the streets in 1968, triggering the crisis that resulted in the resignation of Charles de Gaulle a year later.

The profile of Young France '79 is light-years removed from the street agitators of a decade earlier. Today's young French yearn for a return to the simple life. They are anti-nuclear-power—violently so. This is the only issue, one suspects, that would lead them to buck the authorities. They are anti the kind of urban life that is symbolized by the concrete-block apartments going up all over Europe. They are anti-pollution, concerned with the environment, pro-organic-gardening, and, in general, bucolic. (This feeling explains the unexpected strength of the so-called "green" parties in recent elections in Western Europe.)

Young France '79 lacks ambition. Its highest aspiration is to be an accepted member of a warm family and to be sure of a good, but not a particularly hard or demanding, job. Many of those questioned, particularly the young men, admitted that they would like to run their own business, but it must be a small business, and they are, in general, not interested in having to give orders to other people or to discipline or fire them. Small is beautiful. They don't like big cities, big crowds, big projects, outsized ambitions. Sixty-seven per cent of them can't name any person in their lifetime that they have greatly admired. (De Gaulle is rated as such by only 5 per cent, Kennedy by 3 per cent.) Sixty-one per cent want above all to have a good job, a home, children, and financial security. Only 5 per cent would dedicate their lives to a great cause; only 2 per cent aspire to great wealth and influence; only 1 per cent desire to be the best, the strongest, or the first in any area; and only 1 per cent would like to be famous or admired.

Security is important. They want to live far from the Gulags of this world, to be free. (While few say they would be prepared to die for France and few admit to being proud of being French, most say they like living in France because one eats and drinks well, one is free, and the country is beautiful.) A large 49 per cent think that France will be transformed into a socialist state in their lifetime. But their understanding of socialism would astonish Karl Marx. Socialism means to them a more equal distribution of the goods of this world, but also a great deal of personal liberty. If socialism signifies the USSR, said one student, "then we are against it," as they are against "the dictatorships of the East [Eastern Europe] and military dictatorships *à la* Pinochet."

L'Express concludes its study somewhat mournfully: The young people of 1979 are not interested in building cathedrals that will pierce the skies, the editors write. "When we ask them what they want, they reply: 'Can't you see. I'm building my thatched cottage. And there will be a woods at the foot of the garden.' "

Where We Stand

The shale's still locked beneath the ground.
Snail darters win another round.
Sea elephants score over oil.
Coal makes the nature lobby boil.
The breeder industry's becalmed.
Windmill enthusiasts have bombed.
Our fusion future's looking bleak,
And cardigans have lost their chic.

W. H. von Dreele

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Posthumous Guest Editorial

The controversy over "liberation theology" calls to mind this passage from C. S. Lewis' Mere Christianity, *published by Macmillan:*

People say, "The Church ought to give us a lead." That is true if they mean it in the right way, but false if they mean it in the wrong way. By the Church they ought to mean the whole body of practicing Christians. And when they say that the Church should give us a lead, they ought to mean that some Christians—those who happen to have the right talents—should be economists and statesmen, and that their whole efforts in politics and economics should be directed to putting "Do as you would be done by" into action. If that happened, and if we others were really ready to take it, then we should find the Christian solution for our own social problems pretty quickly. But, of course, when they ask for a lead from the Church most people mean they want the clergy to put out a political program. That is silly. The clergy are those particular people within the whole Church who have been specially trained and set aside to look after what concerns us as creatures who are going to live forever: and we are asking them to do a quite different job for which they have not been trained. The job is really on us, on the laymen. The application of Christian principles, say, to trade unionism or education must come from Christian trade unionists and Christian schoolmasters: just as Christian literature comes from Christian novelists and dramatists—not from the bench of bishops getting together and trying to write plays and novels in their spare time.

Jean Renoir, R I P

"One false god which remains omnipotent is that which is known as 'good taste,' which in fact is nothing but a taste for mediocrity. Society opposes every attempt at novelty in the name of good taste. My friends and I sturdily aligned ourselves on the side of bad taste." Thus Jean Renoir, who died last month at 84, writing in *My Life and My Films* in 1974. Son of the Impressionist painter Pierre Auguste Renoir, and creator of *Grand Illusion* and *The Rules of the Game*, two of the landmarks of cinema, the sweet, gentle, but consistently provocative director devoted his life to undermining the canons of accepted taste.

Renoir detested most the cliché, which he defined as a thought furtively substituted for reality. In his autobiography he noted "clichés which endure for centuries. Here are a few: 'the good old man,' 'love which conquers all,' 'the faithful servant,' 'military bravery.' . . . Life teaches us that there are bad old men, that love is often conquered, that servants are not always faithful, that some soldiers are utter cowards. . . . I should like to believe that this pursuit of the cliché does not fool anyone; but alas, the public, stuffed with lies, clings to its conventions and wallows in the falsity of a world manufactured for its diversion." Of all his films, *The Rules of the Game* is probably that which most successfully interrupted the incessant flow of cinema clichés; in the words of film historian David Thomson, this film is "the most dynamic juxtaposition of moods and feelings that cinema has yet achieved." And to François Truffaut, *Rules* ranks with *Citizen Kane* among the handful of truly significant inspirations to succeeding generations of filmmakers.

He leaves not only his second wife and a son by his first marriage, but films that are likely to live as long as Film endures. And he leaves *Renoir, My Father*, a profoundly personal recollection of the artist who inspired his own art.

DAVID BRUDNOY

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your column [Dec. 5, 1978] on Hunsberger's *Quintessential Dictionary* (isn't *quintessential* one of those words that are widely used but not widely or wisely known?) was of surpassing interest to me. "With which I am unfamiliar." Were you being deliberately ambiguous in putting it that way? Did you mean you'd never heard Updike's words, or of them; or did you mean that you didn't know their precise meaning? Assuming the former, I tried myself on them, and here is my honest statement of what I found—without access to any dictionary.

Hartmattan, toubab, coussabe, zareba, I never heard of; I take them to be North African Arab words, possibly in French transliteration.

Disphoretic, eversion, xerophytic oleograph, euphorbia, extollation, and haptic I was unaware of, but I assume they would yield to etymologic analysis and context, e.g., eversion would be "a turning outward," probably botanical; extollation would be "extolment," "praise"; and a xerophytic oleograph would be a reproducing mechanism based on a greasy separator, a kind of lithographic processor without the stones. Haptic is beyond me. Too short to be obvious, unless the hap- is the *hap-* of hapology, etc.

Marabout and pangoline I have seen—the first, many times, although I can't recall its meaning; pangoline I think is some kind of animal.

Scree *sounds* familiar, but is not.

That leaves laterite, bilharzia, hyraxes, pestles, phloem

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and xylem, goobers, cowries, chrysoprase, henna, riverine, adsorptive, and burnoose. Of these I think the first is a mineral ore, and the second a disease. Call them "unfamiliar," since I am not certain of their meaning.

Eleven left, and I know them all (I think). Hyrax is a little animal, and I once read a book about a pet rock hyrax. If I recall correctly, it was in a book about lions. Pestles are used in mortars (as I KNOW you know). Xylem and phloem are a memorable pair from Bio. I, the growth essentials of trees. Cowries are shells, used ornamentally or as coin. Suras are "chapters" of the Koran. Goobers are, as you well know, monkey nuts or peanuts. Jesters used to speak of our Jimmy's "goobernatorial" experience, and Wallace Stevens speaks of the "twilights of the mythy goober khan." Chrysoprase is a semi-precious stone, or at least a pretty one. Henna is used to tint women's hair a brickish red. Cleopatra used it. Adsorptive is a chemistry word: platinum, for example, adsorbs oxygen on its surface. Burnoose is a Bedouin's overall garment.

What do I make of this? Several tentative things: 1) You know more than you were "familiar with" or cared to claim. 2) We fellas who have swalla'd the dictionary haven't digested quite the same portions of it. Updike's large vocabulary is not identical with *your* large vocabulary—and cannot be. This leads to 3) All dicta about using too many jaw-breakers, or about the desirability of using only words that "people will understand," are half-baked nonsense. T. S. Eliot, Updike, Browning, Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, Thomas Browne, are only a few of the writers who have managed to get by with a large and often recondite vocabulary. The trick is to use the odd words accurately and harmoniously, and with authority. 4) When they kick Buckley around they do it mainly from ignorance, but also a little bit from admiration. Why deprive the gawking rubes of their fun?

Sincerely,
Bert Lippman
Queens, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Lippman: The answer is Number 3, above. For instance, upon my oath, I never remember having run into goober. Another word I didn't know till recently is 10-K. Cordially,

WFB

■ To: WFB
From: Robin Wu

A book called *The Million-Dollar Lawyers* by Joseph C. Goulden (Putnam's, 1978) has come to my attention and I thought the following excerpt (page 146) might be of interest to you:

> Much of the staff's inherent advantage lies in the broad language of the Securities and Exchange Act, which applies the word "fraud" to any violation, however trivial or unintentional. Unlike other areas of law, a securities "fraud" does not necessarily mean an intentional criminal act. Nonetheless, when the enforcement division starts a proceeding, it does so with a press release announcing that the SEC is bringing charges of "fraud" against some supposed offender. The next day's financial page headline reads, SEC CHARGES LAW FIRM WITH SECURITIES FRAUD, to be scanned by laymen with no appreciation for the semantic niceties. Securities lawyers have fought this procedure tooth and nail, and unsuccessfully; as recently as 1974 a federal appeals court ruled that in the securities field, "negligence means fraud."
>
> The result is that when the enforcement division decides to go after someone, it wields a nail-studded public-relations club—a fact not unknown to the intended target. So attorneys make a pragmatic decision: they settle with the SEC and minimize the publicity.

Bubec, *Der Neue Tag* Rothco

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A few weeks ago, while rereading my copy of *NR*'s Twentieth Anniversary Issue, I came upon a letter in the "Notes and Asides" section from Professor Hugh Kenner explaining to you the use and virtue of the Jane Chord. The Jane Chord is, you will recall, a means to obtain the quality of any book worthy of human veneration by combining its first and last words. Therefore, as Professor Kenner states, the Jane Chord for your *Inveighing We Will Go* is: "Herewith/light."

All of this leads us to your latest collection, *A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts*. The Jane Chord when applied to this work yields the completely provocative: "This/Trafalgar." The only question that remains is quite obvious. Are you Nelson or Villeneuve?

Cordially,
Michael McCullough
North Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Mr. McCullough: Je suis *Napoléon*, espèce d'idiot!

—N

—WFB

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'Islamic Marxists'

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

"BUT SURELY," I heard on all sides while the revolutionary anarchy was building up in Teheran, "the Russians don't want an Islamic republic on their doorstep?" This argument was normally held to dispose of any suggestion that the Soviets were helping to destabilize Iran; and, indeed, the conventional diplomatic wisdom, as distilled by the State Department and the British Foreign and Commonwealth Office, was that they were just as keen on keeping the Shah on his throne as were the British and Americans.

The argument has enough substance to merit something better than instant dismissal. The Turkmen Soviet Socialist Republic runs along the northern Iranian frontier, and its population, although largely Sunni Moslem (and therefore perhaps immune to the charisma of the Shi'ite Ayatollah Khomeini), might get ideas of religious and theocratic self-assertion from the stirring events to the south.

Resistance to Russification in the Islamic Republics of the USSR is a fact of Soviet life which the ruling Party has kept under control by repression, propaganda, the closing down of seminaries and mosques—and also, of course, a properly atheistic educational drive and a good deal of assimilation. The disproportionate fertility of the Moslem peoples, however, is a time-bomb that has been ticking away for many years, and the ticking is becoming louder and more insistent.

Moslems Gaining

Demography played no part in the Soviet nationalities problem as solved, supposedly for all time, by Lenin and Stalin in the run-up to the first Constitution of the USSR, ratified on January 31, 1924, ten days after Lenin's death. But of late the message of the alarming figures has dented the complacency of the Politburo. Between the censuses of 1959 and 1970, and *Russian* population of the USSR increased by 13 per cent; over the same period, the population of the five Moslem nationalities soared by between 46 and 53 per cent.

In the long term, then, alarm is justified in Moscow, and the diplomatic boffins may be right. But in the short and medium term, they are probably wrong. There already exists a striking example of peaceful cohabitation between a fundamentalist Islamic republic and the Soviet Union—and a backward glance at revolutionary Libya is in order.

When Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi, then 27, overthrew the Libyan monarchy in 1969, nobody in the West supposed that his Revolutionary Command Council was going to be on our side. But it was at least possible to derive wry consolation from the fact that his "Third Theory" purported to be just as much against Communism as against imperialism (as if the two were mutually exclusive). In the event, Qaddafi's foreign policy consists of three disparate elements: a) selling his oil to Western customers (which generates a substantial surplus of income over expenditures in a country of two million); b) using the money to finance terrorist groups in many countries; and c) buying gigantic quantities of arms from the Soviet Union. Somewhere along the way, the anti-Communism of the Third Theory has become strangely blurred.

The great Libyan arms build-up began in May 1976, and the pile grew monstrous by year's end. The Soviet Premier, Kosygin—whose journeys often mark important shifts of policy—turned up in Tripoli that month and signed an arms deal with Qaddafi. And it was not just "an" arms deal, but the biggest in Middle Eastern history, totaling some $12 billion. Since then, advanced weapons (not available to Egypt or Syria) have poured into the country.

Now, anybody familiar with the history of Soviet-Egyptian and Soviet-Somali relations over the past decade will be aware of the fragility of a Soviet presence that can be ended overnight by a government which, though partially "satellized," retains its residual sovereignty. The point I am making is simply that the Islamic fundamentalism of Qaddafi in no way inhibited him from a cozy relationship with the atheistic Muscovites.

The same will be true, one may affirm, of the regime of Ayatollah Khomeini—if it survives; and if it does not, the groups that supersede it will be Marxist anyway, so the issue won't arise. Less attention than it deserves seems to have been paid to the interview the Ayatollah gave to *Le Monde* on January 10, when he was still conducting his revolution from the outskirts of Paris. Asked about future relations with the United States, he said they would be satisfactory if the Americans withdrew their advisors, "who are intervening in our country." As for the Soviet Union, he went on: "The propaganda of the Soviet newspapers does not constitute an intervention in our internal affairs. . . . The Soviet Union is one of the countries that have shown themselves aware of the situation of the Iranian people and have acted in consequence."

KGB at Work

At that time, the identified KGB presence in Teheran, eighty-strong, was higher than in any other Middle Eastern capital; there were 4,600 Soviet-bloc "specialists" in the country, many vigorously involved in the agitation that unseated the Shah. One of the most active groups cooperating with the mullahs was the People's Mujahiddin ("holy warriors")—a terrorist gang with links not only with Moscow but (appropriately) with Colonel Qaddafi. By the Ayatollah's definition, all of this activity, and much more, did not constitute "intervention," still less interference, in his country's affairs, since it was designed to bring down the Shah and hasten the advent of the Ayatollah.

There is, alas, one more lesson to be drawn from these searing events. It is this. In the Middle East, as in Africa and elsewhere, fanatics who wish to overthrow "pro-Western" governments know that they can act with impunity because the American Administration will do nothing beyond, at most, saying it will send a naval squadron to the spot, then changing its mind. And when the deed is done, the U.S. Embassy can be sacked or the U.S. Ambassador can be murdered. This is sad. □

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The Break with Taiwan

Is It Worth the Price We Paid?

ROBERT ELEGANT

In mid-December the inevitable finally occurred. Anti-American demonstrators hooted in Taipei, capital of what had been an American ally since the Second World War. At the same moment, Americans were applauded in Peking, capital of what had been an enemy of the United States from the intervention of "Chinese People's Volunteers" in the Korean War in 1950 until Henry Kissinger's secret visit in 1971.

Public attitudes in the "two cities" were radically altered by an action that had impended since Peking and Washington realized that their joint interest in curtailing Soviet imperialism far outweighed the conflicts that divided them. The United States and the People's Republic therefore agreed in mid-December to raise their liaison offices to the rank of embassies. That formal agreement required the United States to close its embassy in Taipei: it could hardly maintain full diplomatic relations with two nations that both claimed to rule all China, including Taiwan.

The break with the Nationalists was highly regrettable from the American point of view; even more lamentable was the abrogation of the mutual defense treaty, since the U.S. could hardly afford still another public abandonment of an ally. But for Peking, establishing full diplomatic relations with the U.S.—"normalization," in the current jargon—had been a matter of some urgency since the fall of South Vietnam in 1975. Communist Peking was at least as badly shaken as Washington by the sudden collapse of the anti-Communist government in Saigon. Vietnam's subsequent conversion into a vociferous Soviet ally—and military base—on China's southern flank made it imperative for Peking to draw as close as it possibly could to the only force in the world capable of stemming the rising Muscovite tide.

If the Chinese got what they wanted, they did not get what they do not (yet) want. The People's Republic does not yearn to assume responsibility for the exuberant capitalist territory of Taiwan, whose people live in extravagant comfort compared to their Mainland cousins. Taiwan *irredenta* is in Teng Hsiao-ping's eyes a minor problem beside the transcendent Soviet threat. Peking therefore settled for the minimum it could accept: withdrawal of the vestigial American military presence in Taiwan and abrogation of the mutual defense treaty. Hua Kuo-feng, Vice Premier Teng's highly nominal superior, accepted with only perfunctory protest the stated American intention of continuing to sell arms to Taiwan; he furthermore linked Taiwan with Hong Kong, which he most certainly does *not* now wish to liberate from "British imperialism." Hua thus told the world—and the Chinese people—that he had no intention of altering the status quo for some time to come.

In the realm of *Realpolitik* it is vain to brood over the fact that Taipei is less corrupt, less dissension-ridden, more intelligent, more liberal, and far more successful in promoting the well-being of its people than Peking, which in plain truth does, after a fashion, rule China. Full diplomatic recognition was inevitable in the long run, and let us not object too harshly to its timing.

Still, the American gesture was, I feel, premature. Such haste was unnecessary to the protection of America's interest—and harmful to the world's perception of American reliability. Even the pro-American and anti-Soviet *Sunday Telegraph* of London noted: "The Bamboo Curtain was broken over the head of Taiwan. . . . For the world at large, and not excluding America's NATO partners, it [the repudiation of Taiwan] is a grim reminder that no alliance can last forever and that, ultimately, there is no substitute for self-reliance to ensure one's own security." Too true, but the damage done by "normalization" has already occurred. Now the question is what the United States has gotten for it.

The immediate payoff is presumably economic. Both Coca-Cola and Pan-American Airways, supremely non-ideological like most corporations, are crowing over their direct access to the fabled China market. That market is assumed to be so vast that, as Lord Elgin told the English merchants of Shanghai in 1861, "all the mills of Lancashire could not make stocking-stuff sufficient for one of its provinces."

In reality, however, the China market has proved limited both in the more remote and the recent past. Neither stockings nor any other consumer goods are high on China's shopping list. Statistically, of course, Sino-American trade is bound to show a marked increase—presumably as a result of the exchange of ambassadors. Many American technical products, now bought through third countries, will be purchased

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Mr. Elegant is the author of several books on China. The most recent is the best-selling Dynasty. . . . *Mr. Rees, a New Orleans attorney, has accepted a position as Assistant Professor of Law at the University of Texas.*

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directly from American companies. In time American weapons will be sold directly to China. But Sino-American trade expanded dramatically after the establishment of the liaison offices in 1972—and then declined. Both proportionally and absolutely, that trade is all but certain to decline again after the first careful raptures. Were I so fortunate as to receive a royalty of (say) half a cent on every bottle of Coca-Cola sold in China, I should not anticipate its making me wealthy.

The other payoffs are at once less certain and less definable. They depend on how the new relationship is managed by both sides. The Sino-American quasi-alliance, which has already functioned (albeit feebly) since Richard Nixon's visit to Peking in 1972, could rapidly become an effective alliance, even without a formal mutual defense treaty.

But on the whole I feel that the sudden step of formal recognition—with its inescapable repudiation of solemn obligations to Taiwan—was at this moment supererogatory. It was like drawing for a full house with a pair of aces showing and a pair of kings in the hole, while no other player shows either a picture card or a pair. The hyper-Machiavellian treatment of Taiwan has rent again our threadbare credibility—not least among the men of Peking, who will not regard us more highly for the ease with which they won major concessions without making major concessions in return. Contrary to Washington's belief, Hua conceded nothing substantive in his implicit toleration of Taiwan's independence. The Chinese knew they could not possibly insist that we formally stop arms sales to Taipei, and a frontal attack on the island would destroy the impression of sweet reasonableness they wish to convey. An unsuccessful invasion would be more damaging still. For all of these reasons, "normalization" could have waited, and should have.

But Americans should nonetheless avoid recriminations. The *fait accompli* stands. Perhaps, as its advocates insist, delay would have actually allowed public opinion to harden against a gesture that had to come sooner or later.

It is as obvious as it can be that the United States needs China almost as badly as China needs the U.S., for one overriding reason: to counter Soviet expansion

The Chinese leadership faced a public relations problem of their own—more complex, no doubt, though outsiders can now descry its outline while remaining ignorant of its nuances. The dissension is no less important for the fact that debate is confined to the hundred or so men and women whose voices resound within the councils of the Chinese Communist Party.

China's highly ideological "hawks" argue a) that the fierce antagonism between Moscow and Peking should be ameliorated; and b) that it is shameful to postpone Taiwan's return to the Motherland. China's "doves" contend a) that the hostility is forced on China by a Russia that has for 150 years sought to extend its sway over Chinese territory, and now seeks to strangle China by encirclement on land and sea; and b) that Taiwan's inevitable reversion to Peking's control should not be immediately forced if that would mean sacrificing more vital factors in terms of China's security and territorial integrity. Shortly before the Sino-American announcement of "normalization," senior Party members and cadres were elaborately instructed that Taiwan's return might take "several generations"—and that the waiting game was completely justified. Like the American rationale for immediate "normalization," the Chinese explanation insisted that "normalization" had to be undertaken when it was possible on Chinese terms, lest it become impossible in the future.

Now, all this microscopic dissection would be superfluous, and the American verdict would have to be that "normalization" is quite unnecessary now, if the issue were simply Sino-American relations *in vacuo*. But it is as obvious as it can be that the United States needs China almost as badly as China needs the United States, for one overriding reason: to help counter Soviet expansion. Because of that need, Americans should neither agonize over the immorality (whatever that may mean in the amoral arena of the international power struggle) of partially abandoning Taiwan, nor keen over our inordinate haste in making the change.

The Chinese view of the fundamental problem, as recently re-stated by Vice Premier Teng, is stark. The Soviet Union, Peking believes, is determined to bring the entire world under its sway. Moscow's strategy is to acquire preponderant influence in areas that possess either great natural resources or vital strategic locations—or both. To the Chinese, the expansion of Soviet naval power, merchant shipping, and military bases throughout the world is one with the extension of decisive Soviet influence to Vietnam, Afghanistan, and Africa. (Perhaps Iran tomorrow?) The Chinese know the Russians have diligently studied Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan's theses on the decisive influence of sea power. Peking believes, as does Moscow, that the Russians can attain effective domination over the world by seizing control of the seas. The Chinese have warned us most sincerely, with a paraphrase of an old Chinese adage: "The Russians are feinting to the East [China] in order to strike in the West [Europe]." Peking does not primarily fear a direct Soviet attack but, rather, slow strangulation through the success of that Soviet strategy.

Two decisive questions therefore obtrude: Will the burgeoning Sino-American alliance be effective in checking Soviet imperialism? And is the likelihood of its being effective worth the risk of assisting China's progress toward the state of a superpower that could, at some time in the future, threaten the U.S., Western Europe, and Japan? The questions are so interrelated that they can be answered with reference to the same considerations.

A combination of China, rich in manpower and natural resources, and Japan, rich in technical skill, industry, and commercial acumen, could in time become a third center of world power that could challenge the two existing superpowers and their respective allies. There is, however, no need for such an exclusive alliance between two basically antipathetic nations, largely because the United States is the vital factor in the individual development of each, as well as in the development of their relationship. If the United States remains a major force in Pacific and world affairs, an exclusive Sino-Japanese grouping is most unlikely. Indeed, it can be most convincingly argued that "normalization" seeks, among other goals, to prevent such a grouping. But there is one stern condition: the

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United States must be seen to be powerful and active abroad.

Moreover, China's power remains largely potential. The People's Republic possesses great natural resources, not the least of which is an intelligent and adaptable population of great size. But its resources cannot be exploited effectively without foreign—preferably American—assistance on the broadest scale. Otherwise, all those resources—like the enormous population, which requires immense food supplies—could become great disadvantages, attracting the covetous Russian barbarians to the north.

For one thing, the People's Republic has vast petroleum resources. Estimates range from ten to twenty billion (that's *billion*) tons, equaling—perhaps exceeding—the reserves of Saudi Arabia. Intelligent exploitation of that heavy counterweight to Middle Eastern oil could sharply tilt the world balance of power. But those reserves, the greater part lying under the seabed, cannot be exploited effectively without advanced American technology and, almost certainly, American technicians. So anxious are the Chinese to tap their oil reserves fully that some participation by American companies in both financing and rewards—which, even in a veiled form, would have been unthinkable 18 months ago—is now possible. Joint exploitation would, of course increase Sino-American interdependence, thus cementing the alliance.

Russia would be delighted to complete the arc of bases enclosing the Chinese littoral from Siberia to Vietnam and would pay handsomely to acquire the former American protégé, Taiwan

I would further propose that all the advanced weapons and weapons systems that the Chinese can usefully employ to deter or counter the Russians should be made available to them. Even with such weapons, the People's Republic cannot possibly become a serious threat to anyone before the turn of the century. My own crystal ball dims into opacity beyond a span of twenty-odd years, and I hold with Sir Winston Churchill that "it is a mistake to look too far ahead. Only one link in the chain of destiny can be handled at a time." The reasons for my confidence in China's essential harmlessness during the next two decades are, however, quite simple.

Somewhere between twenty and fifty thousand of the most intelligent, diligent, and highly educated men and women in the world manage the People's Republic—quite well, in truth, when they are not harassed by idiotic ideological campaigns like the Great Leap Forward and the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Below that elite are between 850 million and one billion largely uneducated and unskilled persons, whose native talents require intensive cultivation. China must concentrate on the education of the "great masses" for at least a generation, just as it must concentrate on basic mechanization/modernization of its agriculture—both, preferably, with much outside assistance.

China is today still "poor and blank," as the late Chairman Mao Tse-tung was wont to point out. The economic and social infrastructure is attenuated and feeble. Show communes no more than 25 miles from Peking are approached on packed-earth roads, and their inhabitants still lack running water. The Chinese would be delighted to possess roads half so good as the rudimentary road network of the west of Ireland.

China's internal evolution is properly the matter for a separate article, since it is also hazy with dubieties and perplexities. I shall, therefore, conclude by pointing out certain dangers which the Mainland Chinese do not have the power to ward off, whatever their influence on the resolution of those perplexities.

The Nationalists of Taiwan have been warning for several years that they might decide to play the Russian Card if the U.S. played the China Card. It would be most naïve to assume that diverging ideologies would deter the Nationalists—any more than conflicting ideologies prevented the American move. Besides, Russia would be delighted to complete the arc of bases enclosing the Chinese littoral from Siberia to Vietnam and would pay handsomely to acquire the former American protégé, Taiwan. But although the Nationalists will be greatly tempted to strike a deal with the Soviets, ingrained Chinese suspicion of the Russians will, to a certain extent, discourage them. Besides, the move could be unnecessary—unless the United States behaves with surpassing stupidity.

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Chiang Ching-kuo, then Premier and now President of the Republic of China, told me some years ago that his country was fully prepared for virtual abandonment by the United States. "As long," he said, "as you Americans do not sabotage our economic life [or, his confidants added, our capacity to defend ourselves] by actively interfering with our industry and trade, we can survive." Since no reasonably intelligent Administration in Washington—or, for that matter, Peking —would wish to impel the Nationalists toward the Soviets by such interference, Chiang Ching-kuo's precise formulation of the limits of his tolerance are worth recalling regularly.

Perhaps ironically, "normalization" will increase pressure on the United States to oppose Soviet expansionism more militantly and effectively. The Chinese will not be content with verbal expressions of support supplemented by some material underpinning. Having since 1971 consistently chided the United States for its feebleness and passivity toward the Soviet Union, the Chinese will demand strong action. Peking is already challenging Washington to cast off its complaisant acceptance of Soviet expansion; to build up its armed forces and the armed forces of its European allies; and to place those forces where they can interdict the Russian advance.

Whatever it may think, the Administration has markedly reduced its *soft* options by normalization. □

Grover Rees III

Is It Unconstitutional?

PRESIDENT CARTER, in opening diplomatic relations with Peking, has exercised one of the few prerogatives given him clearly and expressly by the Constitution: his is the sole power to "receive Ambassadors" (Article II, Section 3), and nobody can tell him which ambassadors to receive.

We should not have expected this President to leave a prerogative lying around unused, or to use it only in unexciting ways. Yet Carter's grasp may exceed his reach. In announcing his rapprochement with Peking, he added parenthetically his intention to abrogate our mutual defense treaty with the government on Taiwan.

Senator Barry Goldwater has said he will sue to prevent the President from abandoning the treaty unilaterally. Since the treaty was ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Senate, Goldwater maintains, the United States cannot withdraw from that treaty without Senate approval.

From those quarters which have lately been fearful of an Imperial Presidency (bent on exceeding its constitutional powers, ignoring Congress, and conducting capricious foreign adventures), there have been a few tentative uncomfortable reactions to the Goldwater suit. In order of merit, the threads of these arguments in defense of Carter's action are as follows: 1) The Taiwan treaty itself gives the President the right to terminate it on a year's notice. 2) The Constitution does not expressly require Senate action to withdraw from treaties, and there are precedents for allowing the President to *undo* alone what he cannot *do* without congressional consent. 3) Even if the President acts unconstitutionally, the Supreme Court will not intervene in foreign-policy questions. 4) Carter's abrogation of the treaty may violate some legal technicalities, but in making bold moves for peace it is sometimes necessary to break eggs.

The first argument is one of treaty construction, raising no constitutional issue aside from a nice delegation-of-powers question. The treaty contains no language suggesting that the President can terminate it unilaterally, but the courts might decide that all parties understood such a power, and that the Senate that ratified the treaty delegated to the President its role (if any) in the process of termination. If Senator Goldwater should lose his case on this point, some of us may weep for China, but only for China. The other arguments, however, are not so constitutionally trivial.

It is true that the Constitution nowhere explicitly prohibits the President from unilaterally abrogating treaties. Neither does it forbid him to repeal statutes. Treaties, like statutes, are "the supreme Law of the Land" (Article VI, Section 2); the Constitution provides detailed procedures for the adoption of both, with roles for the President and for Congress; and the natural inference is that the power to make includes the power to unmake. It is irrelevant that Cabinet officers and certain other officials of the Executive Branch require Senate confirmation, yet may be fired by the President alone. These officers, unlike treaties and statutes, are not "the supreme Law of the Land."

What if, back in the bad old days, President Nixon had suggested that the silence of the Constitution gives the President the power to repeal laws enacted by Congress? For that matter, what if he had announced his intention to withdraw from the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, without the consent of the Senate that had ratified it? Imagine.

A judicial decision that the President could withdraw

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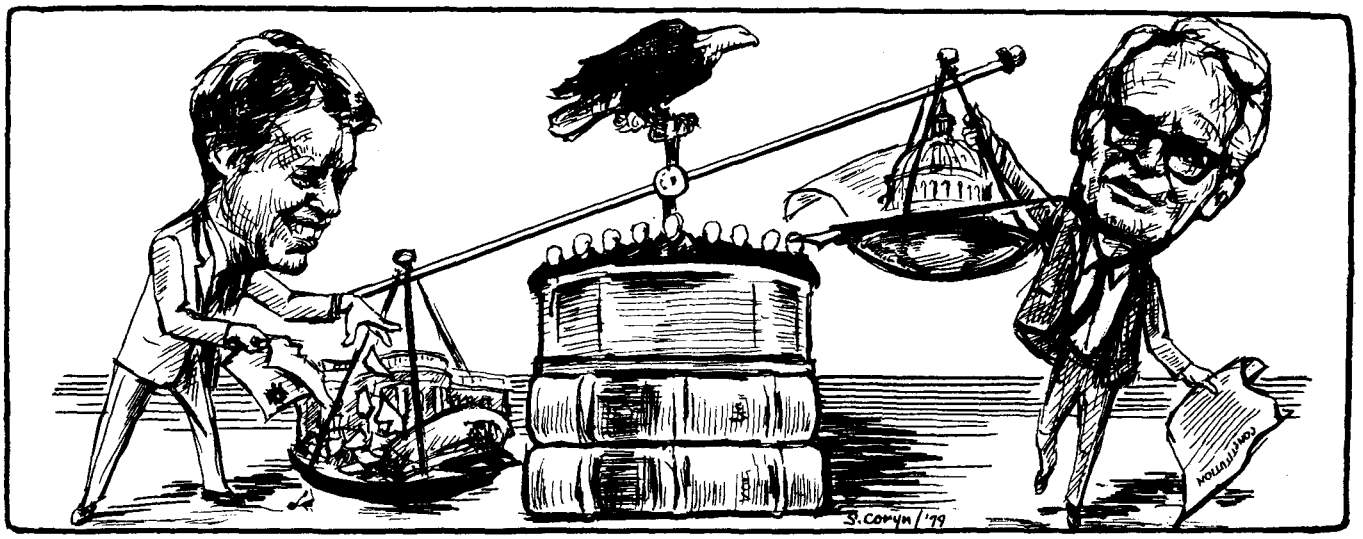

from a treaty without Senate consent would be a step toward an Imperial Presidency. Even so, it would be confined to the treaty power, and would leave intact other limitations on the Executive power. Thus it would be far less dangerous than a decision based on the "argument from necessity" and its twin, the doctrine of judicial abstinence in foreign-policy cases.

The argument from necessity is not a constitutional argument at all: it is an argument against the Constitution, and the very need to refute it is an unhappy sign. Still, one takes heart upon hearing adversaries rely on it, precisely because it is the last ditch of advocates who find the law and the facts against them. Alexander Bickel captured its essence:

> What is there, then? There are nine men, not responsible to us, who have "deep-seated convictions about current national problems," and who do what they like. [The cynic finds this] quite satisfactory and considers all else to be merely the theorizing of academic persons who have never met a payroll.

To argue that one's opponents are defeating bold new ideas with "legal niceties" is sometimes an effective way of garnering public support. Judges, however, are usually sensitive to the fact that legal niceties are often the only protection we have against illegal nastiness.

In no case, however, has the Supreme Court held that the President is the judge of where his sphere of power ends and congressional power begins

An argument against enforcing the Constitution, standing alone and stated plainly, is not dangerous because the courts will always reject it. Yet one can take the same proposition, dress it up, send it to law school, call attention to a few of its relatives in high places, and generally give it enough respectability that it becomes very dangerous indeed.

The notion that the President can violate the Constitution and get away with it, because of an absolute refusal on the part of the judiciary to "second-guess" the Executive on foreign-policy matters, can be supported by reference to numerous Supreme Court decisions. Most of these cases were decided on procedural grounds, and stand for nothing outside their own facts; but a few were based on the "political-question doctrine," the theory that the Constitution forbids judicial review of certain Executive or Legislative actions. Some of these cases now used as precedents would probably be decided differently by the Court today; others, I think, are misunderstood. None can be fairly cited to support an acquiescence by the Supreme Court in presidential usurpation of the treaty power.

It is important to draw the distinction between "true political questions" (in which the Court never reaches the merits of the case because some other branch of government has the sole power to *judge* the constitutionality of the challenged action) and "false political questions" (in which the Court reaches the merits, examines the action complained of, and holds that the Constitution gives the Executive or Legislative Branch broad discretion to *act* in that area).

And foreign affairs cases frequently involve false political questions. The President's power to receive ambassadors, for instance, and his role as commander-in-chief of the armed forces give him unlimited power within their limited spheres. In no case, however, has the Supreme Court held that the President is the *judge* of where his sphere of power ends and congressional power (or the Bill of Rights) begins. Several times, most recently when President Truman seized the steel mills during the Korean War, the Court has refused to apply the political-question doctrine and has ordered the President to desist.

The response of the federal courts to American involvement in Indochina was confusing, and included many cases decided on procedural grounds and a few couched in political-question language. The Supreme Court never reached the merits of an Indochina case. Anthony Lewis has found a certain poetic justice in the fact that Goldwater, who supported what Lewis regards as an unconstitutional war, now challenges a presidential action that might be justi-

(Continues on page 376)

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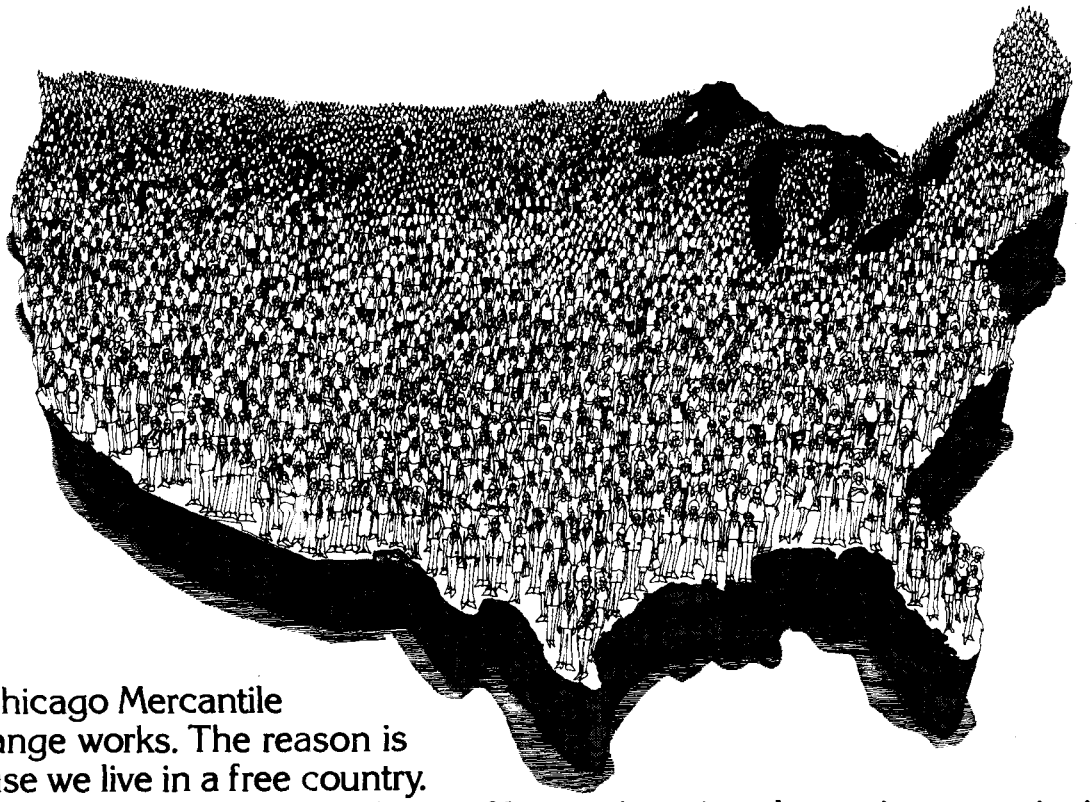

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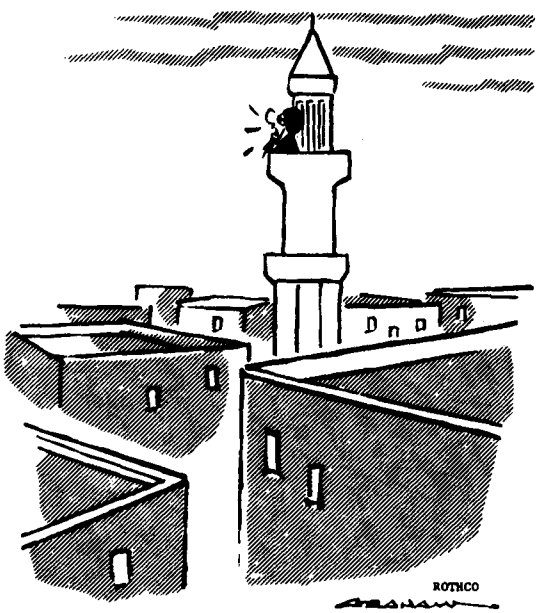
helo !!!!

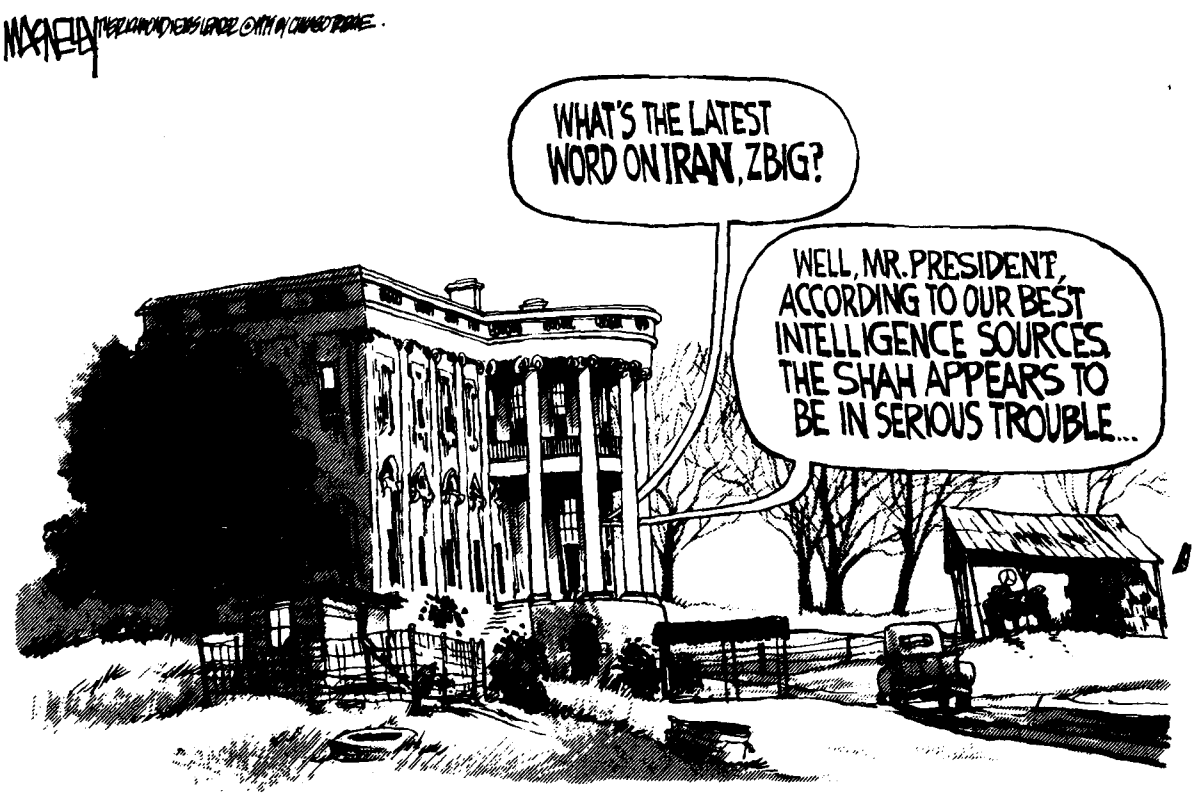
Same Time, Next Year

Last year Los Angeles began
To integrate its schools;
Kids go by bus as specified
By court-directed rules.
An interim report suggests
That though the court has clout,
The blacks are riding buses while
The whites are moving out.

W. H. VON DREELE



"Peace from the Ayatollah or all hell is about to break loose!"


WHAT'S THE LATEST WORD ON IRAN, ZBIG?
WELL, MR. PRESIDENT, ACCORDING TO OUR BEST INTELLIGENCE SOURCES, THE SHAH APPEARS TO BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE...

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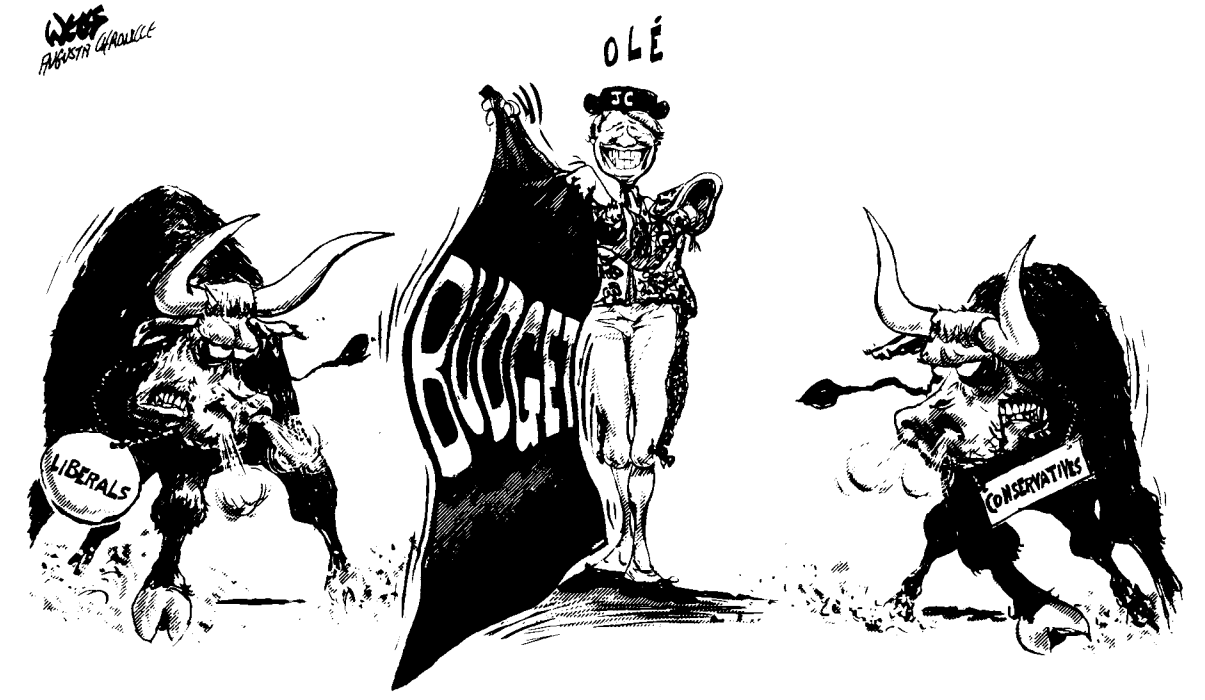

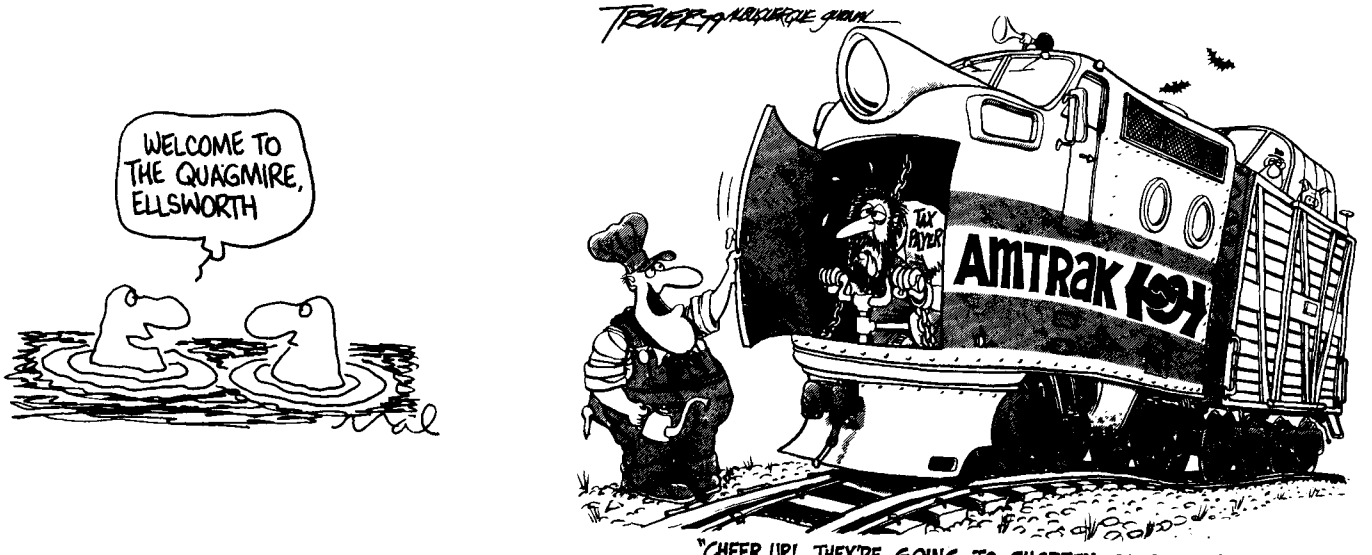

"CHEER UP! THEY'RE GOING TO SHORTEN THE ROUTE!"

". . . and now, the snow update . . ."

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CPAC

The Gang's All There

M. STANTON EVANS

More than five hundred political activists from every part of the nation assembled in Washington in early February for the sixth annual Conservative Political Action Conference, an event which has become a reliable barometer of political feeling on the Right. This year's edition, co-sponsored by the American Conservative Union and Young Americans for Freedom with the cooperation of NATIONAL REVIEW and *Human Events*, was no exception, providing a number of insights into the present condition and future prospects of American conservatism.

First and foremost, it is apparent that Ronald Reagan is still the favorite presidential candidate of the Right. He was greeted warmly at the concluding banquet of the conference, and there seems to be little doubt that he has the allegiance of a majority of conservative rank-and-filers. Also, from this observer's standpoint, Reagan's speech was one of his better efforts in recent months—a smooth admixture of humor, serious criticism of the Carter government, and conservative uplift. When Reagan is at the top of his form, as he was this night, he has no peer.

At the same time, the Conference made it plain that the conservative movement is bringing along a bumper crop of newer leaders, and is well deployed for future contests. Outgoing ACU Chairman Representative Phil Crane of Illinois, a declared candidate for the 1980 Republican nomination, handled himself adroitly and was well received by the delegates. Another potential contender in 1980 or thereafter, Representative Jack Kemp of New York, also turned in an impressive performance as he argued the case for a substantial cut in federal taxes.

In addition, the newly elected chairman of the ACU, Representative Robert Bauman (R., Md.), seems destined to leave his imprint on the political history books. Bauman is already known as a tenacious battler on the floor of Congress, where he is an acknowledged master of parliamentary procedure. To judge by the rousing address he delivered to the Conference, and the enthusiastic response it got, he will make his national mark as an orator as well.

Other emergent—or emerged—conservative leaders were everywhere in evidence. Among those who put in an appearance were Senators Jesse Helms of North Carolina, Jim McClure of Idaho, Jake Garn and Orrin Hatch of Utah, Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania, Gordon Humphrey of New Hampshire, and Roger Jepsen of Iowa. Other participants included Republican Representatives John Ashbrook of Ohio, Jim Collins of Texas, Dan Crane of Illinois, Tom Hagedorn of Minnesota, Jim Martin of North Carolina, George Hansen and Steve Symms of Idaho, and such conservative leaders as Phyllis Schlafly, William Rusher, Allan Ryskind, Reed Larson, General John K. Singlaub, Jeff Bell, Jude Wanniski, Robert Carleson, Lewis Uhler, Phillip Abbott Luce, etc.

As the names and party affiliations suggest, most of the action for conservatives these days is within the Republican Party. Discussions of a potential third-party effort—a sizzling topic at CPAC four years ago—were noticeably absent this time around. This doesn't mean the option has been totally closed off, but rather that the loss of the White House by the pragmatic-to-leftward regime of Gerald Ford and Nelson Rockefeller has opened things up within the Republican power structure, and conservatives have reacted accordingly.

It also doesn't mean that conservatives are, or will be, bound hand and foot to the Republican Party. Reference was made on more than one occasion to the rise of a newer breed of Democrat, such as Governor Edward King of Massachusetts, attuned to conservative ideas and issues. The recent statements of Governor Jerry Brown of California concerning the need for balanced budgets and reduction of taxes were also cited as evidence that leading Democrats are beginning to look more carefully at the developing new constituency on the Right.

Suggesting that the awareness is mutual was the presence at the conference of several leading Democrats, among them Representative Lawrence McDonald of Georgia, Representative Marvin Leath of Texas, and Senator Russell Long of Louisiana. The appearance of Long, powerful chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, the first time ever that a member of the Democratic leadership, in Congress or anywhere else, had accepted an invitation to appear at CPAC.

Also participating in the discussion was theologian Michael Novak, whose formal credentials are liberal but who spoke in accents the assembled conservatives understood and appreciated. Novak scored the influence of the "new elite" in American politics, criticized the ideological imbalance of the national media, and stressed the importance of such issues as the right to life and the integrity of the family. His message was very well received indeed, and indicates a continuing rapprochement between conservative and liberal elements once considered antagonistic.

Footnote. Proving Novak's point about the media was the performance of the *Washington Post*. By any standard, CPAC '79—Reagan, a bevy of senators and congressmen, leaders from every phase of conservative activism—was a major media event, and treated as such by the TV networks, the wire services, the *Washington Star*, and other journalistic outlets. But the *Post* declined to carry so much as a single line concerning Reagan's speech, the senators and congressmen in attendance, or the bevy of conservative speakers.

The *Post* did have a reporter on the scene, who found time to write up an extraneous matter at the Conference hotel which had nothing to do with the CPAC program—as if to say, This proves I was there, but we won't give you the satisfaction of actually writing up your conference. In other words, an obvious blackout of a major political event, by what is supposed to be the nation's leading newspaper of political record. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Who Will Bell the Cat?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

When James Callaghan arrived back at snowbound London Airport after a visit to the sunny Caribbean, he made one of his rare political misjudgments. "I don't think," he said to a television reporter, "that other people in the world would share the view that there is mounting chaos in Britain. Please don't run down your own country."

Next morning's headline in the *Daily Mail* was typical of the general reaction. "The Ostrich Prime Minister," it said. "He's back from the beaches, but his head is still in the sand."

The tanker-drivers' strike, which has caused gasoline pumps to run dry at the filling stations, was in fact bought off quite soon afterward—with a wage increase far in excess of the government's official 5 per cent guideline. However, railroad strikes, caused by a dispute between two unions about extra pay, continued: and a nationwide haulers' strike became cumulatively more ugly. "Flying pickets" intimidated employers and drivers who wanted to work. Ports and depots were blockaded. Food supplies were precarious, and factories began to close for lack of raw materials.

In some parts of the country people were reduced to boiling snow, because the water engineers were on strike (so were the sewerage workers). Threatening to strike next were a million municipal employees, including garbagemen, ambulance drivers, hospital porters, gravediggers, gas workers, and power workers. And coming up behind them were the big battalions of the Mineworkers' Union, which destroyed the last Conservative government.

Mr. Callaghan pleaded with the union leaders to ease the situation, if only for political reasons—to give the Labor Party a chance of winning the election which must take place within the next few months. But the union leaders themselves were not fully in control; local militants often set the pace, particularly with regard to intimidation and violent picketing. The government came close to admitting its helplessness. Restricted on the one hand by its own left wing, and on the other by its political and financial dependence on the unions ("The way to succeed in the Labor Party," Mr. Callaghan himself once said, "is to wait until the unions decide their policy, and then follow them"), it was incapable of doing anything which might seem anti-union, and therefore had no chance whatever of enforcing the pay restraint which was supposed to be its main barrier against inflation.

Wage demands this year are ranging between 15 and 60 per cent. The government's immediate response, which was to put pressure on private employers by squeezing them with price controls, is at best a mere show of action; at worst—if it has any real effect—it will cause bankruptcies and more unemployment.

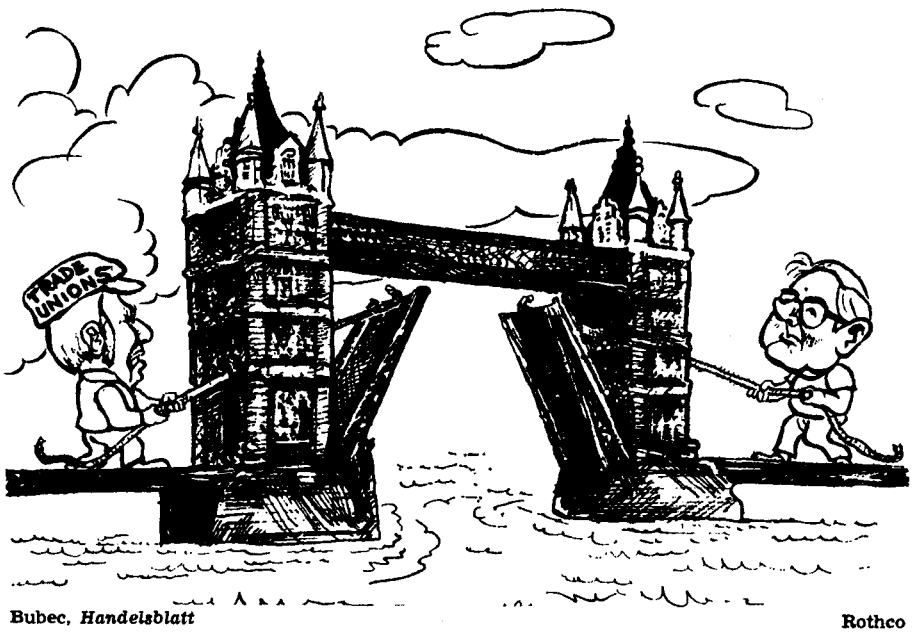
Surveying what Mr. Callaghan refused to call a crisis, editorial writers tended to suggest that Britain was engulfed in a wave of madness and to cry for sanity. The truth is, however, that there was no madness involved. What has been happening is the logical consequence of policies pursued over many years by a succession of British governments.

The distortions and diminished differentials caused by various forms of incomes policy have generated uncontainable pressure. With inflation running at 8 or 9 per cent, and income tax taking more than 30 per cent of any pay increase, who was going to accept 5 per cent? (This 5 per cent figure was never really intended to stick. It was meant to look good during the election that was anticipated last autumn—and which Mr. Callaghan shirked.)

At the same time, the unions have been rendered steadily more powerful, especially by this government, and the strike weapon easier to use and more effective.

As soon as the Labor Government took office in 1974, it repealed the Industrial Relations Act, by which the Conservatives had tried to bring union procedures within the scope of the law: but it didn't just reverse what the Conservatives had done. In a whole series of new laws it has extended the rights and privileges of the unions.

Any union can now, with impunity, blockade or boycott virtually any company or institution, whether or not the company concerned is directly involved in a dispute. All statutory limitations on the closed shop have been removed: and the protection formerly available to



Bubec, *Handelsblatt* Rothco

Mr. Lejeune is NATIONAL REVIEW's *London correspondent.*

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workers against "arbitrary or unreasonable" exclusion from a union has been replaced by provision for appeals, no longer to the courts, but to a so-called "independent review body"—the members of which are all nominated by the Trades Union Congress.

The trap was further closed by the Employment Protection Act, which was largely drafted by the TUC and which makes it very difficult for an employer to dismiss anybody without paying a substantial sum in compensation. In particular it confirms the right to join a union. But it specifically provides neither protection nor compensation for anybody who is dismissed for refusing to join a union where a closed shop is established. That is the one inexcusable offense.

This Act also makes it easier for unions to obtain exclusive bargaining rights and then a closed shop. If the company is slow about granting recognition, the union—but not the company—can appeal to another so-called "independent body," the Advisory, Conciliation, and Arbitration Service, one of whose statutory objectives is the encouragement and extension of trade-unionism. If the company still proves recalcitrant, the union can go to the Central Arbitration Committee, which has power to impose a settlement on whatever wage or other conditions may have been in dispute. What this Committee can do, therefore, and what it was designed to do, is prevent any non-union company from undercutting a unionized company. Fenced around by legislation of this kind, companies and individuals are genuinely frightened to resist the unions.

On the other hand, workers who obediently come out on strike receive a subsidy which is probably unmatched anywhere else in the world. They can immediately claim social security benefits for their families—as of right, and not just in cases of "urgent need," which used to be the rule. These benefits are paid in cash, tax-free, plus an allowance to cover rent or the interest on a mortgage. The total may well come quite close to the striker's normal take-home pay. The Department of Health and Social Security issues a special leaflet advertising these benefits, and pointing out that free school meals, free school milk, free medical prescriptions, and free dental treatment can also be claimed.

Again, the result is hardly surprising: industrial workers—and, increasingly, white-collar workers as well—are not very reluctant to strike, whereas only the bravest or the most obstinate will risk falling afoul of a union which can cut off their livelihood completely and forever.

Legislation of this kind has rendered Britain more vulnerable to union power than most other Western countries. The British unions—or, at least, their militant organizers—are also more blatantly political. Alec Kitson, one of the men behind the haulers' strike, has openly said that he regards the Soviet system as preferable to the British system; and Moss Evans, the general secretary of the Transport Workers' Union, told a Polish newspaper that his union opposed the government's pay policy "because we live in a capitalist society."

This situation has not, of course, been created overnight. It has been brought about, over more than half a century, by Liberal, Labor, and Conservative governments seeking to bribe or appease the unions, and by an electorate which has generally been relieved to see strikes bought off.

The public mood may finally be changing. Most strikes now, despite crocodile tears from their leaders, are deliberately aimed, not at employers, but at the public, whose suffering is intended to bring pressure to bear on the government; and the mounting anger of ordinary people, whose lives are constantly disrupted and made miserable, is beginning to exceed their fear of an even more disruptive confrontation. That, at least, is what Mrs. Thatcher, the Conservative leader, believes. Boasting of her courage, she has put forward a few tentative proposals for slightly reducing the advantages which the union militants now enjoy. The Labor Party is constitutionally, psychologically, and philosophically prevented from tackling the problem at all. Whether, and how, the power of the unions can be curbed has become the main issue of British politics.

But there is surely a more profound question which arises from this whole sad story. How is it that men who, in their private capacity, would never, for example, see an old lady fall down in the street without stopping to pick her up will, without a qualm, in the name of union solidarity and for the sake of trying to get a little more money in their pay packets, close down hospitals, leave Old People's Homes without warmth or food, jeer at children who try to cross a picket line, and even say, like the leader of the London ambulance drivers' strike, "If it means lives are lost, that is how it must be"? In the answer to that question lies the real condemnation of collectivism. □

Mac, *London Daily Mail* Rotheo

"Ready, lads? One . . . Two . . . Three . . ."

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LAMBETH XI

Naked We Stand . . .

H. N. KELLEY

FONDLY PACKING their cherished purples and fine linens, 440 bishops of the Anglican Communion descended on London a few months back in the hope of forestalling a ten-year-old prophecy. They came from many countries, the largest contingent being from the United States. Their destination was Lambeth XI, the three-week conference called by the Archbishop of Canterbury every ten years.

The prophecy (made during Lambeth X in 1968) was that the 1978 conference might be the final one because by then we should see "the wind-up of the Anglican Communion." This came from Bishop Ralph Dean of Canada, executive officer and secretary of the Conference; but all he was doing was adding a timetable to the much-quoted claim of his predecessor, Bishop Stephen Bayne, executive officer of Lambeth IX, that "it is the vocation of the Episcopal Church to disappear." Slowly emerging details of what happened behind the resolutely closed doors of Lambeth XI make it clear that delegates were facing the fact that their church might indeed be disappearing, though not for the reasons anticipated.

Bishops Dean and Bayne were talking about ecumenism, the coming together of all Christian churches under one enormous umbrella, possibly co-ordinated by the World Council of Churches. But rather than unity, Anglicans have found increasing isolation and further fracturing. The fateful 1976 convention of the Episcopal Church in Minneapolis had blasted both ends of the bridge of this "bridge church." Union on the Catholic side was barred by approval of the ordination of women, and re-affirmation of the Lambeth Quadrilateral, which insists on "the historic episcopate" (the Apostolic Succession, claimed by both Anglicans and Catholics), chopped off the Protestant end of the bridge. The breakaway American and Canadian ACINA (Anglican Church in North America) was scarcely mentioned, and then only dismissively, but its meaning dominated the conference.

The old rationalization of Anglican intramural squabbles, "the genius for diversity within unity," was hammered home, and despite growls of "manipulation" and "discrimination" against objectors, there were heroic efforts to maintain public equanimity. Early attempts to bring the ordination discussion to the floor were headed off. The future of Anglicanism was an item on the agenda, but after a few bland opening speeches, John Allin, the presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in the U.S., moved that the meeting be closed. The bishops were sequestered at Canterbury, apart from their wives, as if they were a murder trial jury.

The English press gave the Conference full and often critical attention (reprinted at length in the U.S. *Christian Challenge*). American newspapers generally ignored the whole thing except for the centerpiece resolution and the Queen's absence from the Queen's Garden Party, traditionally given for the Conference bishops. The *New Oxford Review* found the bishops theologically asleep, determined not to be disturbed. Publications connected with the U.S. Episcopal establishment reported all was peace and harmony.

No Offense

But peace and harmony weren't what was reflected in the ultimate resolution. It became clear that the central issue was never women's ordination as such, but the survival of Anglicanism.

Many delegates were caught by surprise when the carefully stitched together Janus-like resolution finally surfaced simply as "Number 2210." It was long and, in effect, simply confirmed that what had been done could not be undone, but it was hoped that everyone would still be friends, and in future please be more careful.

The resolution recognized the four (the U.S., Canada, New Zealand, and Hong Kong) that had authorized women priests and bishops as still members in good standing, but hoped others contemplating the step would take action "within a wider consideration of theological issues." Each bishop is to handle the problem of ordained women as he thinks best (collegiality and the "conscience clause") but should give consideration to the feelings of the clergy and "the people" within the diocese. The resolution hopes that pro and anti bishops will continue talking with each other and maintain unity. Little doubt that they will continue to talk—but there is considerable doubt, in the light of the harshness and lawsuits of the past year, that many bishops will follow the admonishment that it is their duty to heal wounds. The resolution recognizes the "disappointment" of Roman Catholic, Orthodox, and Old Catholic churches and hopes they will still be friendly.

What's Left

Whether from the sometimes expressed belief that schism is a greater sin than heresy, or from an instinct for self-preservation, or from plain weariness, the resolution passed overwhelmingly, 316 to 37, with 17 abstentions.

A recent synod of the Church of England heard and heeded the resolution. After having previously approved women's ordination "in principle," they have now voted against it. Under their canon law, the issue now may not be brought up again for ten years.

With a common prayer book (the only tangible tie between Communion members) already disposed of, the familiar hymnal on its way out, and finally the authorization of diametrically opposed doctrines of the priesthood, the Anglican Communion stands shiveringly naked, causing the London *Times* to wonder "where we can look to discover Anglicanism's central teaching." Nothing that came out of the Conference provides a clue to this. There was only the hope that unity within *total* diversity might somehow prevail. □

Mr. Kelley has been an Episcopal warden and vestryman for 26 years.

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RELIGION BEHIND THE CURTAIN

The Love Song Of Nijole Sadunaite

JACK MILES

THE LESS oppressive your oppressive regime, goes the argument, the more easily its oppression can be documented, and vice-versa. Thus the mildest oppression is always the best publicized, and the most severe is always the least publicized. I find that this thesis does not always hold—at least, its usual corollary doesn't: namely, that Communist regimes are always both the most oppressive and the least publicized. I doubt that we really know less about oppression in Cuba than about oppression in Haiti, or less about Cambodia than about the Philippines.

But who's keeping score, anyway? Who conducts this competition for the oppression prize? Do we really not have enough information to make judgments about even the least documented countries? I think not. Particularly not if "documentation" is not restricted to the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, and the evening news. Documentation is not lacking just because it does not come to you over breakfast. The oppression of religion in Communist countries, for example, may not be a liberal cause. The national media may think of it as I think of my neighbor's arthritis: regrettable but not really news. But for anyone who cares, there *is* a specialized press covering religion in Communist countries with passion, intelligence, and wit.

I pass over *Worldview*, excellent though it is, and other general journals of religion and politics, in order to consider three publications that deal with religion in the Communist world *ex professo*. Two of them come from the Center for the Study of Religion and Communism (Keston College, Keston, Kent BR2 6BA, England). Michael Bourdeaux, animating spirit of Keston College, writes:

> Seventeen years of my own life (1953-1969) were given to preparation before a group of us established Keston College. . . . During this time I learned the Russian language, spent a year in Moscow on the first-ever full-scale exchange program with Britain, and began an extended series of consultations with a wide variety of believers there (Baptists and Jews as well as Orthodox) on what exactly they required of the Western church as a whole. The answer was devastatingly simple, impressive in its absolute unanimity: "Be our voice: speak for us. Tell the world the facts as they are. Recount our joy as well as our suffering."

Bourdeaux has tried to live up to that formulation of his commission.

From under the Rubble

Keston College has published a quarterly, *Religion in Communist Lands*, since 1973, and a year ago began a newsletter, *The Right to Believe*. Both publications contain much more than just reports of imprisoned and abused believers, though there are plenty of those. In *The Right to Believe* (No. 2, 1978), for example, one learns of Traian Dors, a Rumanian poet, released in 1964 after 17 years of imprisonment. Back in 1927, a Rumanian Orthodox priest organized what may have been a slightly offbeat revival movement called the Lord's Army; at any rate, folksongs and poems were a major part of it. The Lord's Army was declared a criminal organization, and Dors began his long imprisonment. He continued to write while in prison, however, often collaborating with songwriter Nicolae Moldoveanu. (One wonders: is Moldoveanu to the Moldau what John Denver is to the Rockies?) Dors's poems and songs are performed (secretly, of course, for they are proscribed) all over Rumania by all denominations. His reputation continues to grow despite the fact that he is kept under virtual house arrest and subjected to police raids and other harassment. Poetry notoriously doesn't translate, but perhaps something of the man does shine through in this poem of his:

Though so many have deceived me
I do not ever want to say
that I no longer trust in men
or that I in turn break from them.

For many were my friends,
more precious than pure gold.
And so many, through the slime of the world,
have kept themselves whiter than snow.

Many have kept the Word
at whatever the price,
preserving the road and faith
with the sacrifice of their own lives.

Thus I do not break off from men
because many were villains.
For God among them yet has
His treasures and His angels.

Religion in Communist Lands, Keston's quarterly journal, is a bit more scholarly than the newsy *The Right to Believe*; it runs articles, book reviews, correspondence, and important translated documentation. The focus is on Eastern Europe, but there are occasional articles on religion in other Communist countries, including Vietnam.

Another journal, larger and older than *Religion in Communist Lands*, is *Religion in Communist-Dominated Areas* (*RCDA*), which consists almost entirely of documentation, with only minor editorial introduction and explanation. *RCDA*, like *Religion in Communist Lands*, publishes both correspondence and appeals of various kinds addressed by believers to secular and religious authorities, and, more interesting if less moving, reports from atheist education journals on how the propagation of the unfaith is proceeding. The latter range from tips that read like advice to Cub Scout Den Mothers (make friends with someone in the boy's family) to a brave but discouraged attempt to argue that Ivan Karamazov is the one Dostoyevsky character who truly speaks the author's mind. Blahoslav S. Hrubý selects and directs translation of the *RCDA* documents at

Mr. Miles is an editor with the University of California Press.

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475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027. Some may recognize this address as that of the National Council of Churches, that alleged *front populaire* of ecclesiastical leftism. If the Left ever controlled the NCC, it must be losing its grip. The last number of *RCDA* to reach me included a reprint of a *Peking Review* article by Jen Kuping in which America and the USSR in the Seventies are compared to England and Germany in the Thirties.

Most of *RCDA*'s documentation, however, deals much more directly with religion. Perhaps the most memorable feature of the review is the anti-religious Communist cartoon—a different one each time—that graces (so to put it) the front cover. A recent issue reproduces a poster from the series *Bez Boga Shire Doroga* (Without God the Road is Wider) published by "Artists of the Russian Soviet Socialist Federative Republic," showing a fat, florid Western tourist being shaken down by an elfin USSR border guard. The contraband is —what else?—religious literature.

These publications exist because of a terrible darkness. In Michael Bourdeaux's *Land of Crosses*, an account of religious persecution in Lithuania since World War II (Augustine Publishing Company, England, forthcoming), one learns of *The Chronicle of the Lithuanian Church*, a samizdat publication organized shortly after the better known Russian *Chronicle of Human Events* (*The Lithuanian Chronicle*, as it is usually called, is available in English translation through the Lithuanian Roman Catholic Priests' League of America, 351 Highland Boulevard, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11207.) As Bourdeaux sees it, it was not just devotion to the church that brought *The Lithuanian Chronicle* into existence but also simple devotion to the truth. The *Chronicle* is by design less preachy in tone than the Communist press. Instead of counter-propaganda, it tries to provide accurate information, attribution of quotes, and in short the battered but still noble tradition of Western journalism. This was a tradition in danger of dying for lack of exercise in Lithuania. By keeping it alive, as in another Dark Age, the Church paradoxically is said to attract a readership among Communist officials. Curious (and anxious) folk that they are, they too want to know what is really happening.

The Happiest Day

I close with an excerpt from *The Lithuanian Chronicle*, as quoted in *Land of Crosses*, a summation made at her own trial by Nijole Sadunaite, who was arrested when police raiding her home found the 11th issue of the *Chronicle* in her typewriter. Nijole's trial was closed to all but soldiers, security men, and her brother Jonas. Someone at the trial—presumably *not* Jonas—made a secret transcript. Her statement ran as follows:

> This is the happiest day of my life. I'm being tried for the *Chronicle*, which is a protest against the physical and spiritual tyranny to which my people are being subjected. This means that I'm being tried because I love our people and want the truth. Loving men is the greatest love and fighting for their rights is the most beautiful love song. May it echo in everyone's heart and never stop! I'm privileged, my fate is an honorable one: not only have I fought for human rights and justice, but I'm being punished for doing so. My sentence will be my triumph! I'm sorry only for one thing—that I have not been able to do as much as I'd wish for our people. I'll gladly lose my freedom for the freedom of others and I'm willing to die so that others may live.
>
> Today I'm standing on the side of Eternal Truth—Jesus Christ—and I recall his fourth beatitude: Blessed are they that thirst after righteousness, for they shall be fulfilled! How can I fail to be happy when Almighty God has shown that light triumphs over darkness and truth over lies and falsehood! In order to bring this about, I'm willing not only to be imprisoned, but also to die. . . .

Nijole Sadunaite was sentenced in June 1975 to three years of imprisonment and three more of internal exile, which she is now serving as practical nurse in a lumbering town in Siberia. A correspondent in the Amnesty International Group that has "adopted" her case told me that he had, at first, doubted the authenticity of the account of her trial. Later, he found that her letters were full of the same improbable, slightly monotonous but wholly uncontrived, fervor. "I go to work," she wrote him once, "as to a feast. What a joy to serve the sick ones because in fact it is serving Jesus Christ."

A Solzhenitsyn, an angry prophet, you can shout down with an anger as loud and denouncing as his own, but how can you fight fire with fire when the fire is forgiveness? The Christianity of the East, like the Christianity of the West, survives almost comically, through the least likely people in the least likely ways.

Letters to Nijole Sadunaite may be sent to:

USSR 663430
Krasnoyarsky Kraj
Boguchany
Pratizanskaya 17-1
Nijole Sadunaite □

RCDA

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Ecumenism, West and East

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK is not good for a continuation of whatever the Christian ecumenical movement in Western Europe and U.S. has achieved in the last twenty years. Negatively speaking, of course, that movement has achieved nothing of substance or substantial promise, and the main participants have only fallen further apart. Positively speaking, the ancient Churches of Rome and of Eastern Orthodoxy (both Greek and Russian) have finally decided that they need each other more than they need the churches born since the Reformation.

The dreary fact of the matter is that all there has been is personal contact between competing churches; costly international conventions in exotic places, including Helsinki, and Zagorsky Monastery outside Moscow; a diminution in purity of faith and moral practice by Western churches; and mountains of printed paper. There is not one reliable sign of anything approaching a union of wills, let alone a unity of basic belief.

True, from time to time the parties issued mutually respectful, anodyne, but always refractory statements. They ate meals together, drank together, issued disapproving messages about Western imperialism and colonialism. But the entire movement was bedeviled by the Communist sympathies of the World Council of Churches; and, in its search for a common spirit, it was bastardized by that organization's financial support of many of the guerrillas responsible for mass killings and other acts of brutality in Africa.

Meanwhile, all participants have kept asserting that neither union nor unity was possible without the participation of the substantial segment of Christianity represented by the Churches of Rome, Constantinople, and Moscow. Yet, simultaneously, other churches proceeded to dig such a deep ditch between themselves and those three that now there is more possibility of a unity of belief and worship between Indian Buddhism and the Anglican Church than between any of the Protestant churches and the three ancient churches.

It is not merely a question of moral practice as exemplified in the matters of women's ordination, homosexuality, abortion, married priesthood, euthanasia, and divorce. The essence of Christianity does not lie in moral practice or ethical outlook, but in a knowledge—believers have always called it belief—about the unearthly and the transcendent. And it is precisely in the essence of Christianity, its special knowledge or belief, that we can see mirrored the failure of Western ecumenism.

The faith of Christianity is at stake. And it is safe (though controversial) to say that, in the opinions of Orthodox and Catholic authorities, most of the churches that originated after 1500 are Christian in name only. Their most prominent theologians have reduced the original revelation concerning salvation in this world and man's eternity in the next to a set of practical blueprints for social concern and political activism. The acts of faith and conversion have been converted into an attempt to achieve what are considered to be ethically acceptable and morally correct social ideals. What has vitiated this attempt is that the ethically acceptable and morally correct were drawn from contemporary models. For Christianity, of itself, has neither social teaching nor political ideal. It is because they have denied this fact that the churches have had no real impact on the spread of godlessness.

ON THE OTHER HAND, the day for union and unity between Orthodox and Roman Catholics is now dawning. Whatever arrogance afflicted the authorities of the Constantinopolitan Church in the past has been scoured out of them by the chauvinism and bigotry of recent Turkish governments. People in the West are not often informed accurately of the hateful and hating discrimination practiced by those governments—largely for political motives: Turkey is considered to be an essential ally of the West, although in two world wars it proved practically the opposite. In fact, the Constantinopolitan Church today needs the strength that would come only from the long-envisioned union and unity with Rome.

The situation of the Russian Orthodox Church is radically different. In the 1920s, the Soviets decided, after about ten years of struggle with valiant churchmen, that what could not be destroyed should be co-opted. They created a new body of church authorities, men of no faith, doubtful morals, and atheist loyalty—the well-known "Living Church." This new Soviet-blessed body took over the Moscow Patriarchate and made the official Russian Orthodox Church the prostitute of Stalinism. All high-ranking clergymen in it belong to the KGB, and, of the estimated 15,000 priests, about 8,000 are paid KGB informers.

Nevertheless, what both friend and enemy admit is astounding: the Orthodox millions in the Soviet Union and its satellites who have retained their faith were never so strong and so attached to the full scope of Christian belief as they are today. An estimated thirty million openly profess that belief; another forty or fifty million entertain it in secret. If the faith remains alive among the people, corrupt and unworthy clergymen can always be replaced.

The catalyst in this situation is the recently elected Pope, John Paul II. While he will keep up a gentle pressure on those Western Protestant churches that demonstrate a definitely Christian character, his main attention is going to be paid to Eastern Orthodoxy and the millions of his own faithful behind the Iron Curtain, eight and a half million in the Soviet Union, approximately sixty million throughout the Soviet empire. There he has a Christianity that does not suffer from comfortably placed bishops, secularized priests, madcap nuns, and "intellectuals" tainted with scientific humanism. Above all else, however, Christians behind the Iron Curtain have learnt in a very bitter school the basic lesson which Roman Catholics have progressively forgotten since the time of Emperor Constantine: the only power Christians have is power of the Spirit. □

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Two Bright Lights

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

TO MANY READERS of this page it may seem that Russell Kirk looks out his library window, day after day, upon a world of unrelieved educational woes. Yet it is not quite so: now and again the encircling gloom is penetrated by a bright beam of educational sunshine. To prove that assertion permit me to describe one school in the District of Columbia, and one new university program that is given in England but intended mostly for Americans.

The school is The Heights (4300 Garrison Street, N.W., Washington D.C.), an establishment for older boys there are associated schools, elsewhere in the Washington area, for younger boys and for girls. They're good! I spent a day there recently, in company with the headmaster, Mr. Robert H. Jackson a Yorkshireman, learned, practical, and humorous.

The Heights School has been called "a school for schools," being a model of what independent schools could become. It is strongly influenced by the religious and moral principles of Opus Dei, the international Catholic association which emphasizes the virtues of work and service. Yet it is not a "church school"—one doesn't have to be Catholic to teach there, and many of the boys do not come from Catholic families.

The curriculum, with its Latin and Greek and life sciences, is remarkably sound. Wondrous to relate, the time in the classrooms is so well spent that the school day ends at half past one in the afternoon—after which the students can, if they like, take supplementary courses, or study music or art somewhere else, or go home to read books, or play ball. The Heights School has no playgrounds, computers, language laboratories, studios, and the like: all it offers is something for mind and conscience. Nor are there janitors: the students, many of them from wealthy or powerful families, do their own cleaning.

The staff is extraordinarily able: "ideally, the school seeks as teachers persons with at least five years' non-academic professional experience or at least a graduate degree in a specific field other than education." The students are mannerly and alert, and quick to respond in class. *All* graduates have gone on to colleges, at least half of them to famous colleges. Moreover, all this, and much more which I have no space to describe here, is accomplished at a cost which is only a fraction of the sum necessary to support pupils in public schools.

Summer Reading

When, in company with one of my hosts, I entered a parlor, there I encountered Senator Muskie, talking with his youngest son, a pupil at The Heights. The Heights works closely with parents, who are expected, for instance, to oversee the students' summer reading of six works of fiction—and to test their progeny.

The Heights aspires to leaven the lump of American schooling by setting an example of what can be done with limited economic resources—if imagination and right reason are employed. "The Heights School sees itself as an extension of the home," and its stated priorities are parents first, teachers second, students third. One such school in every large city might redeem us from the follies of our sprawling, vast, incompetent public educational apparatus.

The commendable undertaking at the university level is Adam Smith University, founded last year, chiefly by Madsen Pirie, a Scot with a St. Andrews doctorate, who until recently was associated with Hillsdale College in this country. As yet, Adam Smith has no campus, indeed no buildings: for it leases vacant venerable Oxford and Cambridge colleges during the summer. If this new university prospers, presumably it will be lodged in some great English country house.

Drawing its students mostly from America, Dr. Pirie's innovation has, so far, offered some first-rate summer courses in architecture, science, philosophy, political problems, Shakespeare, Austrian economics (to which the fledgling university is unabashedly attached), British conservatism and society, and the like. The most remarkable feature of this program has been the notable British professors who have been persuaded to lecture; most of them are Conservative and conservative, and they are gentlemen and scholars who really think.

Escaping Behemoth U.

The 1979 summer sessions, given at both Cambridge (Magdalene College, July 16 to August 3) and Oxford (St. Edmund Hall, August 5 to August 24), include conducted travel in Britain and France. American students who are interested should write for catalogues to Box 374, Leesburg, Virginia; and, for information or applications, to Adam Smith University, 50 Westminster Mansions, Little Smith Street, London SW1, England.

But the summer sessions are only the beginning of what the versatile Dr. Pirie intends for Adam Smith University. I particularly admire the "Politics M.A. in Europe" program, already launched. Of this course's two semesters, one is spent in London, and the other divided among London, the Continent, and the United States. In a work-study program, students can learn about political decision-making from the inside: thus they may be associated with Members of Parliament, the Conservative Party, the Confederation of British Industry, or the Taxpayers' Union. Those well-known scholars William Letwin and Kenneth Minogue, of the London School, will have a hand in the program.

One can escape, after all, from Behemoth State U. and Brummagem Teachers' University. Adam Smith may not confer upon you the wealth of nations; but if you are a fugitive from Behemoth, it will improve your theory of moral sentiments. □

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The Village Theist

The Habit of Being: Letters of Flannery O'Connor
Edited by Sally Fitzgerald
Farrar, 617 pp., $15

J. O. TATE

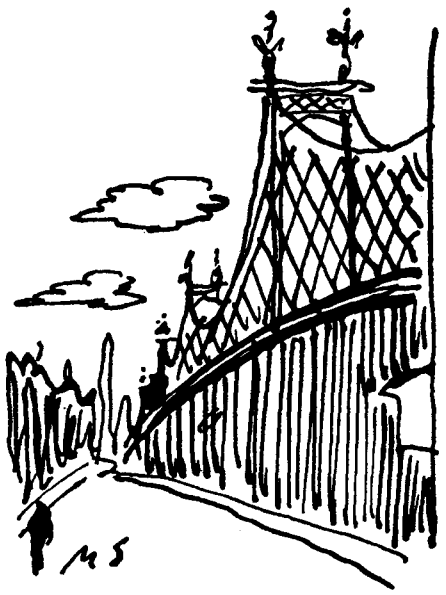
Flannery O'Connor remains a living presence among readers here and abroad. Her unique voice rises wherever there is literacy and freedom—a distinctive sound, I am told, even in Dutch and Japanese. She has been the object of many critical essays, monographs, and books. Several of her stories have been made into short films, and now John Huston is directing a feature-length version of her first novel, *Wise Blood*, in Macon, Georgia.

In part, O'Connor's posthumous literary life has been so vigorous because of continuing publication: since her death, Farrar has released the second short-story collection, *Everything That Rises Must Converge* (1965); the occasional prose, collected in *Mystery and Manners* (1969); the compendious *Complete Stories* (1971); and now—a new and privileged look into her world—Sally Fitzgerald's edition of Flannery O'Connor's letters.

As Mrs. Fitzgerald says, these letters reveal "much of the quality of a personality often badly guessed at." After many years of friendship with Flannery O'Connor, she must feel a sense of personal vindication in producing the broadest and deepest of all the accounts of O'Connor's life and mind. Beginning in 1948, while the young Flannery O'Connor was struggling with *Wise Blood*, and ending in the summer of 1964, just six days before her death, these letters are charming and disarming when they are not chastening and instructive.

But this book is more than an epistolary autobiography of a great American writer. It is also a "good read," and then some. Like everything O'Connor wrote, no matter how serious, it is very funny. The book intertwines the developing stories of her career, her many friendships, the progress of her omnivorous education, and her ordeal by disseminated lupus erythematosus, which ended her life at the age of 39. These various stories are united in the sensibility of the woman who lived them, and reveal qualities of resolution, professionalism, honesty, warmth, reason, universality, humor, courage, and acceptance. O'Connor wrote that "vocation implies limitation," a fine thought; she also proved this truth in the trial of experience.

Flannery O'Connor was a master of paradox, as in her famous story "Good Country People." There we watch the collision between an existentialist philosopher and an illiterate Bible salesman. The nihilistic thinker, a PhD with a wooden leg, finds that her smug plan to seduce and "liberate" the naïve salesman does not quite work out, as the situations are devastatingly reversed.



O'Connor's spreading wide of her narrow hands to unite the worlds of scholarly learning and ignorant truth is characteristic of her. So in her letters, O'Connor testifies over and over about such delectable items as Tube Rose Snuff commercials, religious aberrations, absurdities from the newspapers, etc., while at the same time commenting on her progress through Proust or her reading in theology. The catholicity of O'Connor's tastes and interests is staggering. But she can focus the whole of her mind in a single aperçu: "[Henry] James is a master of vulgarity. A good part of all his books and the whole of many of his stories are studies in vulgarity." The truth of this observation should not obscure its source: the same author who read James and Conrad with care was also familiar with Fireball Roberts and Tiny Lunn, the stock-car drivers. Any lingering canards about O'Connor's isolation, which never were true, must henceforth be gone or be damned.

The power Flannery O'Connor displayed in her greatest works—the authority she achieved—was based on knowledge of the world, and a completely developed technique for conveying that knowledge. Her whizz-bang catalogue of American humor features used-car salesmen, traveling salesmen, various con men, the farmer's daughter,

---

Guy Davenport's *latest book is the forthcoming* Da Vinci's Bicycle, *a collection of prose fictions about various historical figures. . . .* **Mitchell S. Ross**, *the author of* The Literary Politicians, *is finishing his second book. . . .* **J. O. Tate**, *who says he "dwells in obscurity," has nonetheless contributed to the* Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.

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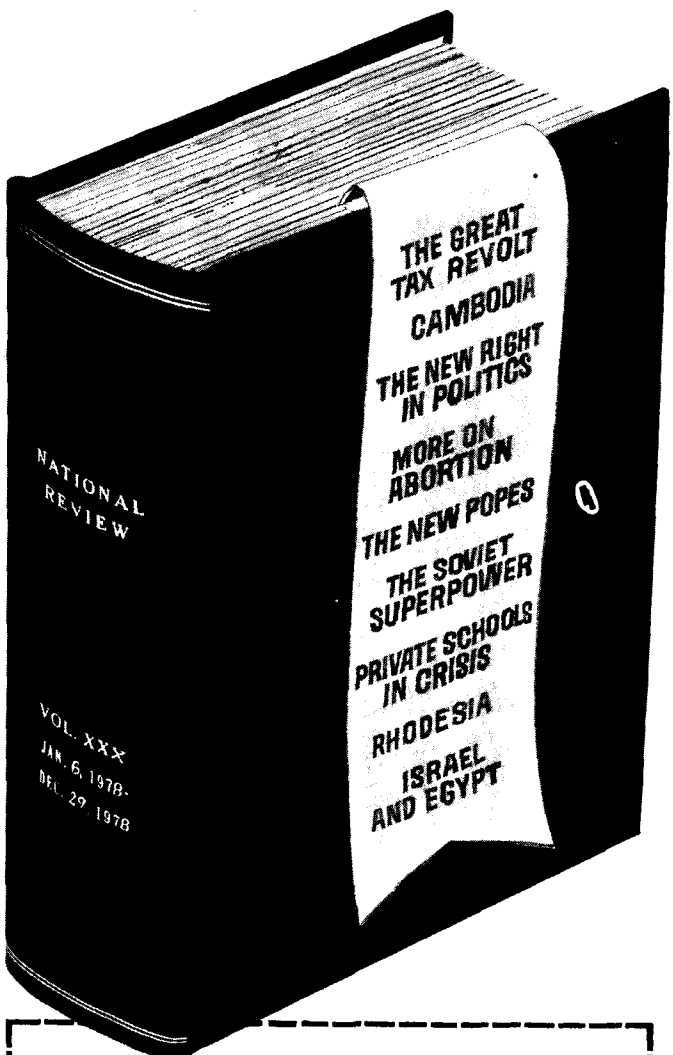

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST MARCH TITLES: Telford Taylor, the chief U.S. prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, has written a book entitled *Munich: The Price of Peace* (Doubleday, $17.50). He calls Munich "a potent and historically valid symbol of the dangers of not facing up to unpleasant realities." Must reading in the Oval Office and Foggy Bottom, where a sort of Women's Gothic romanticism in foreign-policy history latterly prevails. . . . Karol Wojtyla, a/k/a Pope John Paul II, has a book of poems out called *Easter Vigil and Other Poems* (Random House, $5). Translated by Jerzy Peterkiewicz. We haven't seen.

■ SOME APRIL TITLES: R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., editor of *The American Spectator*, goes to press with his first book next month. It is called *Public Nuisances* (Basic, $11.95) and consists of 27 portraits of characters such as Andy Young, Hubert Humphrey, Lillian Hellman, Gore Vidal—i.e., people whose sins go far beyond blaring rock after midnight, as the title might suggest. . . . Herbert J. Gans, in his book *Deciding What's News: A Study of CBS Evening News, ABC Nightly News, Newsweek, and Time* (Pantheon, $12.95), argues that news coverage ought to contain more varied perspectives than it does. . . . *Private Lives in the Imperial City* (Knopf, $8.95) is a collection of John Leonard's columns in the *New York Times*' "Living Section." . . . In *Jews and the Left* (John Wiley, $17.95), Arthur Liebman discusses the often-observed fact that a disproportionately large segment of the American Left is Jewish. Liebman believes Jewish radicalism is currently at a low point, but that it is waxing. . . . Emory M. Thomas' *The Confederate Nation, 1861-1865* (Harper, $16.95) deals with the reasons for the collapse of the Confederacy, which was socially and ethnically homogeneous, self-consciously American, and talented in the military arts. . . . *The American Film Now: The People, the Power, the Money, the Movies* (Oxford, $19.95) is an ambitious look at the Hollywood of the 1970s, by James Monaco.

street preachers, absent-minded professors, narcissistic writers, frustrated liberals, and "innerleckshuls." These denizens of a real world are also good citizens floating on the mainstream of American literature, folklore, history, and culture. Ichabod Crane and Brom Bones, the Confidence Man and his victims, and the Duke and the Dauphin would have felt right at home in the world limned by Flannery O'Connor. That world is a meretricious catalogue, "a shelf of false hands, imitation buck teeth, boxes of simulated dog dung to put on the rug, wooden plaques with cynical mottoes burnt on them . . ." (*The Violent Bear It Away*). O'Connor was never over-refined.

The other side of the paradox, which springs at us from her books as from a box (and from the fictions as well as the letters), like the Nutty Surprise that broke Enoch Emery's front teeth, is O'Connor's serious pursuit of art and learning. For her, this was finally and necessarily congruent with the theological underpinnings of her devout Roman Catholicism. Perhaps the most impressive strands in the letters are her accounts of her reading, sensitive literary advice to aspiring writers, and eloquent addresses on her faith composed for friends and correspondents. "I have what passes for an education in this day and time, but I am not deceived by it," writes the young O'Connor. She puts it another way when she writes, "The only thing that kept me from being a social-scientist was the grace of God and the fact that I couldn't remember the stuff but a few days after reading it." So much for abstractions. But we do not find that literalist of the imagination, Flannery O'Connor, quite so easy to forget.

This fusion of literary loftiness with low laughter focused O'Connor's penetrating powers. Although she was forced to make concessions to her debilitating illness, in no way did she "adjust" to anything else. She was always an acute observer, a keen intelligence cutting through to the heart of things. She beheld and judged the Zeitgeist with the same zest with which she enumerated the banalities of mass culture. Indeed, for her these were much the same thing. She wrote to John Hawkes, "I don't think you should write something so long as a novel around anything that is not of the greatest concern to you and everybody else, and for me this is always the conflict between our attraction for the Holy and the disbelief we breathe in with the air of the times. . . ."

This statement could not be clearer, or more true about O'Connor's aims and works. She wrote of *The Violent Bear It Away*, "A lot of arty people will read it and be revolted. I trust." And, "Nobody would have been found dead writing it but me." Her determination to stick to her last was a matter of intellectual conviction and spiritual certitude, not a matter of pride or pique. The letters show her continuous effort at her own education, a constant striving for order. Familiar names fly by: Kirk, Voegelin, Maritain, Tate, Guardini, Newman, Barth, Lewis, Gilson, and Eliot, among many others.

The Habit of Being will send readers back from such analysis to O'Connor's own works. Her best pieces defy second-guessing. Her greatness consists in the acuity of her eye, the accuracy of her ear, her perfect perceptions of the pitches of pride. Symbolist and satirist, she not only saw folly, but could judge it and deliver it whole, in the round, in a circumscribed perspective, the vanishing point of which rests at a profound depth.

THE AUTHOR of the letters, as of the stories and essays, stands there with Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* in one hand and the Georgia *Market Bulletin* in the other. She fulfilled the Johnsonian stricture: she cleared her mind of cant. This author would perplex a Van Wyck Brooks and his Highbrow/Lowbrow machine; Philip Rahv would not be able to color her Paleface or Redskin without distorting her own "speckled" shades. We must think of her as she describes herself (newly perched on crutches): "a structure with flying buttresses." But this same "medieval" O'Connor, anticipating a television appearance, called herself "a combination of Monsignor Sheen and Gorgeous George," and "a hillbilly Thomist." These extravagances can hardly be bettered—they amount to self-knowledge.

Having survived uncomprehending reviews, O'Connor could write, "Sometimes the most you can hope for is to

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be ignored." But her still-growing reputation has made that impossible and has gone on to surmount deliberate hostility. The Flannery O'Connor of the letters can write thus: ". . . We are not judged by what we are basically. We are judged by how hard we use what we have been given. Success means nothing to the Lord, nor gracefulness. . . . The violent bear it away." Sally Fitzgerald has assembled the letters so that we may see the rigor of Flannery O'Connor's sincerity. For the rest of the story, we must await the biography which Mrs. Fitzgerald is now writing. □

Suttree
By Cormac McCarthy
Random House, 471 pp., $12.95

SILURIAN SOUTHERN

GUY DAVENPORT

In his fourth novel, Cormac McCarthy deepens his sounding of the Silurian depths of human nature. We are creatures designed and damned by the past. In an alley in Knoxville, all the animistic conjurations of West Africa thrive in their millionth year; the visionary mind of Wales and the stubborn will of Scotland, fueled by whisky and enraged by adversity, plunge the conduct of life in Tennessee into dark triumphs of irreality.

The people he writes about do not think, especially before they leap. He has subtracted from narrative tradition that running account, by author or character, of rationalization, opinion, and intent which reached an ultimate in Joyce's stream of consciousness and provides most novels with a large part of their matter ("She loves me, he reflected to his not ungainly image in the mirror, savoring the clean sting of the Aqua Velva").

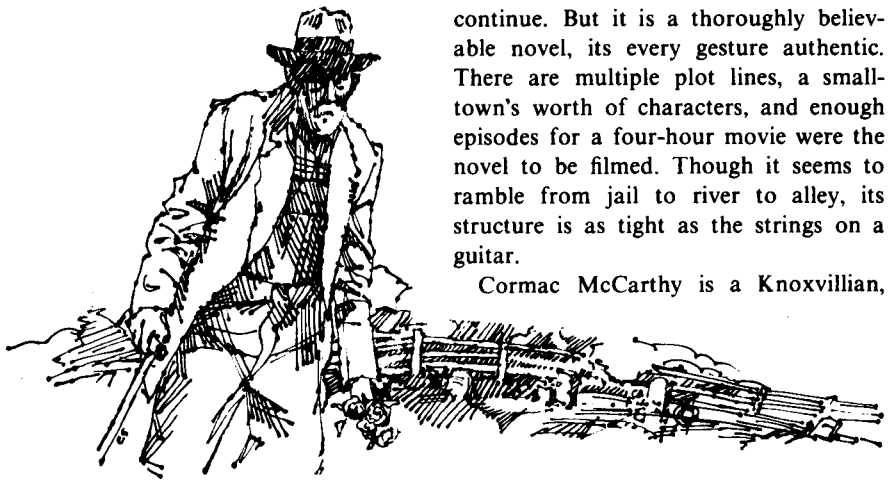
In his second novel, *Outer Dark* (1968), people move as in a silent film. Their actions are described as beautifully and fully as a camera sees. Voices speak. Awful things happen before our eyes. The denouement is shocking. But the adverbial element has been omitted. There is not even an ironic tone to guide us. And all motivation, all messages from minds, all reverie, all memory are kept from us as a dark secret.

McCarthy's first novel, *The Orchard Keeper*, won the William Faulkner Foundation Award for 1965. His third, *Child of God* (1973), achieved as distinct a style as any in American writing, a harmony of vernacular and Renaissance English. In Tennessee, the setting of all McCarthy's novels, locutions survive from the bucolic English of two centuries ago, alongside the stuttering and depraved English all of us speak anymore.

Critics have sniped at McCarthy's studied prose rhythms and unfamiliar words, not seeing the need he has of them. He must summon his world before our eyes in all its richness and exactness of shape, because that is all he is summoning.

Cormac McCarthy's tales are all dark. Brother and sister beget a child; men who seem to lust to hurt everything in reach roam from murder to murder; a man copulates with corpses of his own killing, keeping them mildewed and cool in the depths of a cave. Such horrors are not offered as Grand Guignol; they are the doings of ordinary folk in an ordinary world. They are the doings of stubborn, willful, gaunt Tennesseans in overalls and aprons, chewers of tobacco and dippers of snuff.

In this new novel, Suttree is a fisherman who lives in a houseboat on the river that runs through Knoxville. He was somebody else once. He is, presumably, from a well-to-do family. He is just out of prison when we meet him; a good two hundred pages later we find out why he was there. He pals around with the fast sporting set that hangs out at the Greyhound Bus Station, with blacks who drink and gamble in back rooms, and with the derelicts who inhabit the arches of overpasses, sleeping in cardboard boxes.



What fascinates Cormac McCarthy about people is irrational intrepidity —unflappable stubbornness, inviolable mule-headedness. He treats it comically, heroically, even lyrically in this long novel which, in essence, rings and thuds with heads butted against ungiving oak. His protagonist (who is, for the first time in McCarthy's work, permitted a limited amount of interiority) is a stubborn will among stubborn wills of varying degrees of intelligence.

There is a hierarchy of these unlearning persisters. On the lowest rung is a chucklehead named Harrogate, a rat-faced adolescent, all bone and gall, who comes on the scene as a sexual violator of watermelons. He is a type in the South, one that can be characterized entirely by his prolonging his sentence on the chain-gang (raping watermelons is presumably bestiality under Tennessee law) rather than work in the prison kitchen. Masculinity is a finely graduated commodity.

UP FROM Harrogate on the scale we find various derelicts, scavengers, and professional pushers of their own luck. At the top, I'm not certain whether we are to understand an Indian who somehow still fishes in his native river, or a black who is a kind of chief to his people (a bootlegger and gambler otherwise) and whose brutal fights with the police exhibit a will that means never to knuckle under.

This is a violent novel, wild with fights and McCarthyan horrors, such as a body kept in an icebox for six months so that its welfare checks will continue. But it is a thoroughly believable novel, its every gesture authentic. There are multiple plot lines, a small-town's worth of characters, and enough episodes for a four-hour movie were the novel to be filmed. Though it seems to ramble from jail to river to alley, its structure is as tight as the strings on a guitar.

Cormac McCarthy is a Knoxvillian,

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and there is something of a portrait of the artist as a young man about this book. Coming after three objective novels with no trace of a self-portrait, there is nothing here of the author digesting his adolescence. Instead, it would seem that the author has projected himself into a character he might have been were circumstances otherwise, or that he is being autobiographical in an obliquely symbolic way. His protagonist has too subjective a cast to be an observed character. It is as if the author had asked what part of himself bears the imprint of the world in which he was raised, and answered himself by witnessing what these traits look like exemplified by a gallery of characters ranging from near-idiotic to noble.

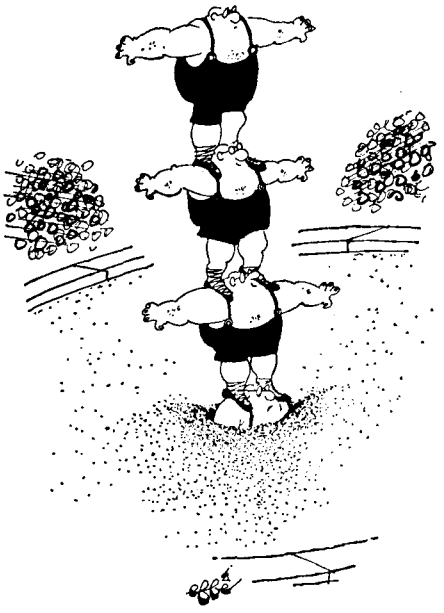
Such a connoisseur of the outrageous and the macabre (and of the lyrically beautiful, when he wants to be) can be read for the story alone. One is soon won over, however, to Cormac McCarthy's radically original way with tone and his sense of the aloneness of people in their individuality. At the heart of *Suttree* there is a strange scene of transformation and rebirth in which the protagonist wanders in a forest, sees visions, and emerges as a stranger to all that was before familiar. This is a scene no one else could have written.

Very little of his work echoes other writers; where it does (Faulkner, for instance, and the King James Bible), the echo is in homage rather than imitation. Such originality and integrity are as rare as they are welcome. □

Close to the Sun Again
By Morley Callaghan
St. Martin's, 169 pp., $8.95

BENIGN NEGLECT

MITCHELL S. ROSS



About 15 years ago, Edmund Wilson called Morley Callaghan of Toronto "the most unjustly neglected novelist in the English-speaking world." St. Martin's Press quotes this comment here in order to fetch our sympathy; although the publishers also mention that Callaghan's last book sold more than half a million copies in the Soviet Union, that the author has been nominated for the Nobel Prize, and that he lives "in a house that is regularly visited by literary figures from all over the world." So we need not fear that Morley is suffering an uncomfortable and unrewarded old age, whether or not the Russians bother to pay him.

This makes it easier to carp at the current offering, an oddly disjointed effort entitled *Close to the Sun Again*. It begins as a chronicle of the life of Ira Groome, formerly a naval commander and still a superior fellow. He is located in São Paulo, directing the operations of a great corporation, when his alcoholic wife dies of cancer and he decides to return to Toronto and accept the duties of police commissioner. Now in his middle fifties, he is a cold fish, distant from his only son, and an altogether fine candidate, in a contemporary novel, for a crack-up. And this is what we get: crack-up with flashbacks.

Groome installs himself in the old Wilkinson mansion in Toronto, with his man Horler at his side. He is still the Commander, never more impressive than when he leans on his cane to ease the leg damaged by a war wound. He takes a mistress, who is puzzled by his detachment. He shows the first signs of being puzzled by it himself, as he starts fortifying himself with gin early in the morning. Feeling bored, he removes himself to a clinic for wealthy alcoholics, needing less to dry out than to be alone and sort out his life.

All of this is in the first third of the book. Old master Callaghan appears to be building his structure well: he promises a study of a great Canadian, suddenly and bewilderingly lost. And then? Callaghan sends Ira Groome into his car, and sends the car off the road, where it crashes. Groome, barely conscious and near death, is rushed to the hospital; his thoughts are clouded by memories of his days at sea, and by one incident in particular. This, it transpires, was the crucial incident in his life, and, regrettably, the rest of the novel is preoccupied with it. So a book which began as a study of character is forced to end as a meagerly glorified anecdote.

The incident involves a young woman who was picked up out of the water by Groome's ship when the Commander was still only a young lieutenant. Her waterlogged companion is a large, red-headed bodyguard. She is a rich American whose father has nasty connections with the underworld; the bodyguard's relationship to her appears mysterious. Groome pries; he learns there is a rape in their past. This would be of no significance if Groome himself had not fallen in love with the girl. But when the whole business ends in a bizarre fashion, with both girl and bodyguard dead, Groome is left wondering what the hell it was all about. He begins to freeze into the stark character of the Commander, and he will stay that way until this deathbed memory melts him down again.

So, at least, Callaghan would have us believe. In any case, his hero is revealed to be too stiff for tragedy; if this one incident was enough to change his life to such a degree, he must not have been such an interesting fellow in the first place. The tale as a whole is too artificially put together. It reads like an overgrown short story, with that form's dull dependence on the single-incident theory of human behavior to justify its internal action. Of course, at its best, the single incident can inspire high drama, as in *Oedipus Rex* or *Macbeth*, but Callaghan seems unable to decide whether he is aiming at those heights or studying a contemporary character in his social environment. For one-third of the book the latter notion prevails, while the last two-thirds seem intended for accompaniment by somber

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cellos and wailing choruses. In brief, the structure turns out to be unsound. Maybe Joseph Conrad at the peak of his powers could have so handicapped himself and still brought it off. The untidy Torontonian, however, had no such luck. □

FILM

IDLE HANDS, AND SLIGHT

JOHN SIMON

It is idle to remake a piece of cinematic trash; idler yet if it was a well-made and, on its own terms, highly successful piece of trash; and idlest of all if the remake is far surpassed by the original. That, however, is the case with Phil Kaufman's remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, Don Siegel's fetching sci-fi thriller of 1956. The story of a small town taken over by "pods" that appropriate the bodies of human beings and destroy their souls—and that become feelingless, conformist nonentities hell-bent on eliminating any remnants of genuine humanity—was particularly timely then. Although it was apparently Siegel's comment on Hollywood, liberals of every stripe were able to interpret it as an attack on McCarthyism, which, indeed, the film may also have intended.

What made Siegel's movie interesting to me was that it did not waste footage on elaborate pseudo-scientific explanations and special effects, but concentrated instead on showing what happens to a decent young man in a provincial town who finds that his fellow citizens are, one by one, becoming pods out to get his soul; who never knows which of them is still human and which isn't; and whose girlfriend, to his horror, is eventually turned into a pod that lures him into abjuring his soul. There was a routine cop-out forced on the director, to the effect that the FBI was going to stop this plague (how?), but otherwise the film was honest, unassuming, and scary in the profoundest sense: morally.

The new version, from a screenplay by W. D. Richter, goes in for all sorts of bogus metaphysics and biology, wallows in special effects (excellently done, but sidetracking the horror into mere nausea), introduces cute *hommages* and in-jokes (it is also a very parochially San Francisco film in various ways), and finally bogs down in second-rate chase sequences. These lead up to an ending that lacks the original's stark simplicity, and becomes rather more tricky than—if I dare use a big word in a humble context—tragic. The hero is now a government food inspector; the heroine is his assistant, who becomes his lover after her boyfriend, a kind of TV-sports-besotted pod *avant la lettre*, turns into a bona-fide pod and tries to get her, with the help of a psychiatrist (played by Leonard Nimoy with ploddingly unctuous sinisterness) who is a pod master strategist. The podification of a sod is of small concern to us, and the psychiatrist is so obviously evil that he couldn't fool anyone but the most shrink-hating analysand.

The anti-pod faction is similarly trivialized. The hero is far too smart-alecky and is played by Donald Sutherland, who, even when he is good (as here), is pretty bad. As his girl, Brooke Adams is attractive, with her husky-voiced languor—one can never be sure whether it betokens sensuality or somnolence—but the menaced purity of Dana Wynter in the 1956 version made her ultimate cooptation more poignant than Miss Adams', which also gives rise to a totally unwarranted nude scene. The other virtuous pair is a young married couple, owners of a steam bath: he is a griping, anti-Establishment poet; she, a devoted wife who looks after him and does all the work. Veronica Cartwright is very affecting; Jeff Goldblum merely trots out his by now standard counterculturral maunderings.

Particularly annoying are Denny Zeitlin's blatantly electronic score—which carries on as if the movie were only the visual adjunct to its musical dramatics—and all the in-jokes, such as Robert Duvall making a gratuitous appearance as an ominously idling priest on a playground swing (a shaggy dog-collar story?), or the director and the star of the original *Invasion* (Don Siegel and Kevin McCarthy) in cutesy cameo roles. The cinematographer, Michael Chapman, continues to unimpress me. One of the more pedestrian toilers in a field that now has many true creators, Chapman is a favorite with certain trendy directors and reviewers for reasons I find unfathomable.

Finally we have Luchino Visconti's *The Innocent*, posthumously edited by other hands. I say "finally" not because I have been waiting with bated breath, but because I am glad to see the last of a director whom others may have considered a major artist, but who, to me, was no more than a clever poseur exuding a certain type of homosexual sensibility—all gorgeous costuming, lush decor, melodramatic attitudinizing, and very little substance or depth. Although he was one of the several begetters of neo-realism, his early, and supposedly earthy, films strike me as mostly self-indulgent and dull. Self-indulgence, for him, had to become a baroque, operatic excess (as in *Bellissima*, *Senso*, parts of *Rocco and His Brothers*, and *The Leopard*) to achieve any real originality which, however, promptly turned overbearing and outrageous. Whenever he adapted serious fiction to the screen (Dostoyevsky, Camus, Mann), he fairly consistently managed to reduce it to a kind of kitsch indistinguishable from some of his fruitier non-adaptations—*Sandra*, *The Damned*, *Ludwig*.

I am not certain whether Gabriele d'Annunzio's *L'innocente* (1892) qualifies as serious fiction, but, as written, it is not without serious psychological and stylistic interest. The high-born Tullio Hermil, a "superman" concocted from Nietzsche and Dostoyevsky, with a little French-symbolist veneer for high gloss, is meant as a demonstration in action of the following bit of the protagonist's interior monologue: "Why has man in his nature this horrible faculty of rejoicing more keenly when he is conscious of doing harm to the being from whom he desires his happiness? Why is there the germ of this most execrable sadistic perversion in every man who loves and desires?" It is, however, not only Tullio who feels and acts out these impulses, but also the *femme fatale*, Countess Teresa, who becomes his mistress; while with his lovely and gentle wife, Giuliana, he maintains a brother-

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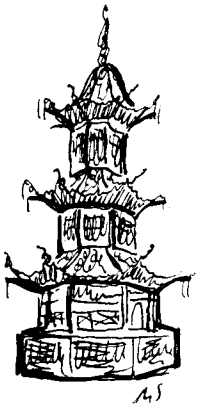
sister relationship, and encourages her to have affairs of her own.

When Giuliana does indulge in a little sauce for the goose with the chivalrous novelist Filippo d'Arborio, she becomes pregnant, and her lover goes off to Africa. Jealousy makes Tullio ardent toward his wife, and she, reluctantly, submits. But it is not so much Catholicism that makes her refuse the abortion her atheistic husband urges upon her as secret love for the by now dead Filippo, whose child she would protect from Tullio's vengeance. Tullio does indeed cause the baby's death, and, in the film, makes love to Teresa once more, then shoots himself.

That ending is utterly out of key: in the novel, the hero and alter ego of d'Annunzio goes on *Ubermensch*-ing it up, but the paralyzed, moribund Visconti obviously wanted a grand gesture of final stoicism to be performed by *his* hero and alter ego. This battle of alter egos helps do in the film, but other flaws are equally fatal. Once again, the decor and costumes overshadow all the other components: the considerably defused screenplay that turns a superman into a mere philanderer, the infelicitously idiosyncratic direction, the mediocre performances. Visconti seems to encourage staginess in the acting; he never tires (though we do) of persons stalking one another in circles across the wide screen as the camera pans or dollies around with them; and he loves to come in for extreme close-ups of heads, or even mere parts of heads.



GIANCARLO GIANNINI, a racy portrayer of the lecherous delights and jealous outbursts of lower-class Italian males, is miscast as a demonic aristocrat: he comes across as a cocky parvenu. Laura Antonelli does better as Giuliana, although you can see that the director's heart is not in heterosexual eroticism, and the sex scenes, for all their heaving nudity, fail to ignite. Jennifer O'Neill, as Teresa, comes off best, because Visconti's extravagant costuming and an Italian actress' dubbed-in voice perform far better than Miss O'Neill ever could.

The single scene that has genuine force is the one in the shower room, where Tullio observes with raging envy the superior physical endowments of his rival. Among richly homoerotic overtones, Visconti's slender talent registers for the last time with a lurid, evanescent flicker. Benedetto Croce's dismissal of much of d'Annunzio as "lushly sensual amateurism" can stand for most of Visconti. □

TELEVISION

SPORTS INFLATION

M. J. SOBRAN

To be a sports fan is to risk sensory overload. I'm going to organize an office pool on next year's bowl games. Not on who will win—on how many are televised.

The number of sports events is staggering. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, a new expansion team comes into existence every nine minutes; another player becomes a free agent every 38 seconds. This has been going on for years now. Every half-hour a player is inducted into a Hall of Fame. The Bureau's projections indicate that within twenty years, every other American will belong to some professional team.

If the sports world is inflated, so is the language used to describe it. I calculate the number of "superstars" at 7,229. I can remember when even the word "star" was restricted to players at the Kaline level or above. By no coincidence, those were the Eisenhower years, when the monthly rise in the cost of living stayed well on the right side of the decimal point. Words and money were expended with a certain habitual caution. Today we call Reggie Jackson a superstar—Jackson, who has the kind of batting average Mickey Mantle was reduced to when, toward career's end, he seemed to be playing on a pair of peglegs. Maybe we can reserve the word "superstar" for those athletes who so dominate their sport as to symbolize it even to non-fans. Ali was; Larry Holmes isn't.

Between the football and baseball seasons television used to be sportless, as if most of the athletes were hibernating. But this weekend I found all sorts of basketball games, a hockey game, a few boxing matches, a ski competition, a billiard match, golf, tennis, and a pseudo-event called—yes—"Superstar," in which athletes from various sports compete in footraces and obstacle courses and suchlike. Paradise for a sports junkie, but for anyone else a terrible temptation to waste time. I sat down to watch a fight and wound up watching several, plus part of the Borg-Connors match. I switched it off guiltily, remembering Johnny Carson's proposal that any wife whose husband watched more than five football games in one weekend should be able to have him declared legally dead.

There is probably more athletic talent around than ever before, which is fine for individualist sports like boxing, tennis, golf. But expansionism has been bad for the quality of team sports. The talent gets spread too thin. The old complaint was that television had killed off baseball's minor leagues. The minors are having their revenge through expansion. I think it was Mike Lupica of the *New York Daily News* who recently complained about the dullness of pro basketball. A 1979 all-star team could probably whip an all-star team from any previous year. But given the number of teams and the consequent scattering of talent, could any of this year's teams stay on the court with (say) Bill Russell's Boston Celtics?

TEAMS SPRING UP, move, fold; so do whole leagues. Free agents carom among them. The old home-team shatters and shifts in kaleidoscopic patterns: Jackson here, Rose there, Carew elsewhere. A rich man—Charlie Finley—assembles a five-year dynasty, then the bottom falls out. Another tycoon, George Steinbrenner, opposes the system but exploits its logic brilliantly. Bowie Kuhn has to keep intervening "in the best interests of baseball." Ironically, the key events happen in the front office, not on the field. The best coverage of this action is on the sports pages; TV can't get in. For the fan it's all exciting but nervous-making, disaffecting. Who can be loyal to a flux? The kids in Cincinnati and Minnesota who grew up memorizing the stats of a Rose or a Carew can forget it. Great players like Kaline and Musial used to

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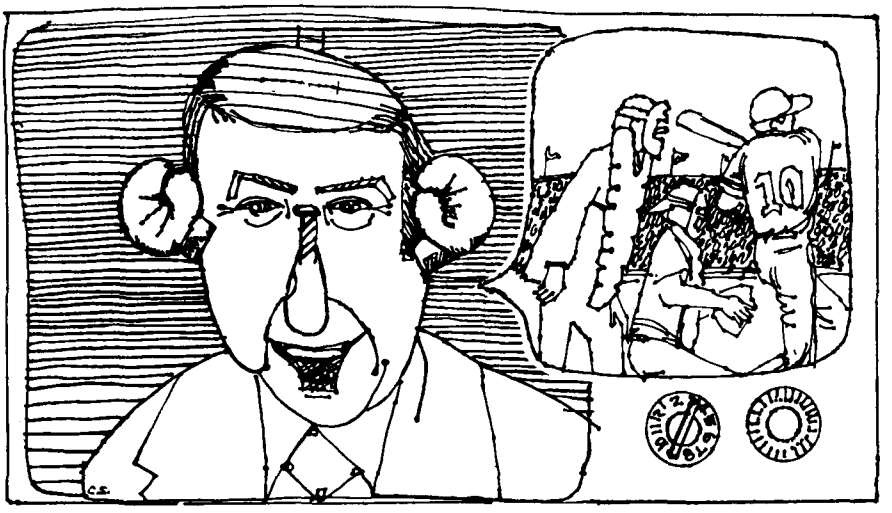

stay put, then remain after their careers were over as familial presences in the cities they had thrilled. They belonged. Diamond *Gemeinschaft.* All gone, giving way to jiltings and Hollywood marriages.

The old-time announcer is disappearing too. Even a big city like New York used to hire down-home types like Mel Allen and Red Barber to call the play-by-play. Now even the little towns get Howard Cosell, whose manner is redolent of the urban pool hall but who is big on the Social Significance, and Ultimate Triviality, of sports. (He has admitted pondering a run for the Senate.) He is to public opinion what Wells Fargo used to be to manufacture: listen to him, and you know what to think and say, what attitude to strike, no matter where you are: instant cosmology. Let him into your home for just 15 minutes a weekend, and, though you won't be able to whip the guy who kicks sand in your face, you'll know how to deflate him with a withering sneer.

But Cosell's posture is appealing, because it's such a good antidote to hype. As more and more sports events are manufactured, the publicists strain to convince us that they're all great events. They aren't, of course. The really classic moments of sport were set against a stately stillness, where heroics were enhanced by ritual and timeliness: the Olympics, the Rose Bowl, the Army-Navy game, the World Series were ceremonial climaxes of the cycle of time, made memorable less by the excellence of the athletes than by the aesthetics of occasion. DiMaggio was great, and he remains so in the memory because baseball had dignity. It had a decorum of permanence that restrained extravagance and told a man to quit while his career was still shapely, before it dribbled off into mediocrity: Willie Mays was a better player than DiMaggio, but stuck around five years too long. My last memory of him is of an easy fly ball he let drop, in the World Series. It was a good symbol of what baseball had become: playing part-time for an expansion team (the Mets) in a Series they wouldn't have been in but for that gimmick of TV hype, the interdivisional playoff, a washed-up superstar blows a routine fly. And is televised coast-to-coast. □

ART

HIYA, RODIN!

RUTH BERENSON

Nelson Rockefeller's death brought an abrupt halt to the often rancorous controversy surrounding the project which was to occupy him in his retirement from politics, namely the art reproduction business; he was preparing to sell —at elevated prices—copies of selected items from his world-famous collection in fancy boutiques on New York's 57th Street, in Neiman-Marcus, and by mail order. His statement that he and Happy only wanted "to share with others our joy of living with these beautiful objects and the thrills we have experienced in collecting them" did not keep people from suspecting that the former Vice President was trading on his name to make money he rather obviously didn't need. More importantly, however, news of his enterprise spawned a more general and, in fact, long-needed discussion about the ethics and aesthetics of art reproductions, the manufacture and sale of which have become a growth industry in recent years.

In deciding to enter the field, Rockefeller was only treading the path American museums have been following for some time. The biggest reproduction entrepreneur is New York's Metropolitan Museum, which, in addition to a thriving mail-order business, runs three shops on its own premises; this spring they will be expanded into a five-level store. Along with the usual postcards, Christmas cards, calendars, posters, and art books, the Met sells facsimiles of drawings and prints, porcelains, jewelry, and what can only be described as high-class souvenirs—embroidery kits (you can reproduce Tut in tapestry) and cookbooks (with medieval recipes adapted to the Cuisinart). Unlike the Whitney Museum, it does not go in for emblazoned T-shirts; but it does have tote bags and women's scarves embellished with "art" motifs, though reportedly the latter are being discontinued at the insistence of C. Douglas Dillon, the Met's president, who thinks them cheapening.

Fending off attacks by those who accuse the Met of going commercial, Mr. Dillon, a banker by profession, pointed to the figures: in 1977, the museum made a profit of $1.4 million on sales, 43 per cent of its total revenue. Obviously the market for art reproductions is not small potatoes, and, given the free-enterprise system, it's no wonder Rockefeller was not alone in trying to make a fast buck out of it. The Metropolitan's own recently retired director, Thomas Hoving (who has traded on his former job by producing a best-seller exposing the alleged misdeeds of his predecessors), is touting "limited edition" reproductions of Andrew Wyeth watercolors. Even Henry Kissinger has lent his name to "limited edition" memorial medals of American Presidents.

The reproduction business is controversial not just when it trades on the snob appeal of a well-known name or tempts people to buy what, in essence, are high-class fakes when they could perfectly well afford the real thing (*New York Times* writer Grace Glueck, com-

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parison-shopping, has conclusively proven that prices for the Rockefeller wares, which for some items run into the thousands, were close to what similar originals would bring either at auction or from reputable dealers). In addition, reproductions are often marketed in ways that lead buyers to think they are making a sound investment in a "collector's item." The Rockefeller catalogue, for instance, describes the Rodin sculptures as "numbered limited editions," a subtle phrase suggesting that, like genuine numbered and signed etchings or lithographs, their value will increase with time and scarcity. In fact, the reverse is more likely: the expensive commemorative plates and medals advertised by the Franklin Mint and similar companies have proved utterly worthless when collectors tried to sell them.

Manufacturing techniques have also been questioned, especially the use of "surmoulage," in which sculptures are cast not from the artist's plaster original but from other casts. Jean Chatelaine, curator of the Musée Rodin in Paris, likened the practice to "taking a photograph of a photograph"—but the reason it is so generally frowned upon is that unless a surmoulage is properly identified as a reproduction, there is no way even an expert can distinguish *Ersatz* from *echt*. The head-shaking of dealers, museum curators, and art scholars over the Rockefeller Rodins turned into a first-class case of nerves when Professor Albert Elsen of Stanford showed how easily their identifying initials—CNR, for Collection Nelson Rockefeller—could be removed.

ROCKEFELLER contended that it's better to own a good reproduction of a great work of art than a third-rate original, even by the same artist. Of course he never had to settle for second best—but through the ages, starting with Imperial Romans who preferred copies of classical Greek sculptures to originals by artists of their own time, reproductions have been loved and prized, especially by those unsure of their own taste. If what they like has a brand name on it, they feel reassured, whether they're buying cornflakes or art.

Today's reproductions are closer to their originals than ever, and presumably will become cheaper (if anything ever does) and within the reach of more people than ever; Rockefeller described this as a "democratizing" of art and believed that he was contributing to it. But as the critic Hilton Kramer rightly pointed out, democracy and art are two different dimensions and have nothing to do with each other. Overexposure to reproductions can lead to a corruption of taste and the demeaning of art. There's no point in being snobbish about buying them—but those who do should remember that, even at their best, they are only reminders of the genuine, that is to say the original, work of art. And that can only be experienced firsthand. □

The GIMLET EYE

THE JOCKS—I

D. KEITH MANO

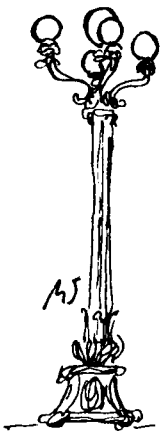
And I think, "He's dead."

Like popped toast—just that unhuman, that stiff—jockey Jean Cruguet flies up. For one moment he will ride the air in perfect form: six or seven feet above his crashing horse's neck. A thrown spadeful of dirt will hold its shape at least that long. Then down: awkward and flung apart. There is the heard silence of 25,000 people: cumulative silence. But Cruguet jerks to his feet: bent forward, right arm out, as though handshaking a small and dangerous child. His body can remember some coordination. He is unhurt; shamed by that unhurtness. Now Cruguet goes, feet spread for balance, toward the broken horse: it is his first instinct. Goes maybe to apologize. A mistake has been made: there wasn't horseroom enough when he drove Flying Water between Island Kiss and the murderous rail. One of her legs has reached up, a dreamy stretch. Cruguet will touch: neck, nose. A horse on its back gives up dignity and streamlined force: supine secret nudeness in her underparts. Lengths of rail lie around: unpieced-together. The big ambulance has come, with winch and sled: horse-lugging equipment. And with its discreet protective screen: put up so that bettors can't see flailing, dumb pain: see, and lose their stomach for pizza and beer and a fast buck on the ninth-race triple to come.

Intravenous sedative pours in: the vet has held it high, a bumper-cupful there. I watch Flying Water die. This is no nag, no $6,000 claimer: a month or so before, owner Daniel Wildenstein had refused three million francs for Flying Water, the top five-year-old mare in France. Three million shot on a jockey's misjudgment: it has happened before. And even here, at the equine hospital, as medical men struggle to cinch and sling her doped feet up, that terrific horsepower lurks. Everything is massive: the torpid yet cable-strung thigh: snorted breath profound enough to thump at my diaphragm. I am, I realize, afraid of horses. One half-kick, one sleeper-restless shift, can pulp a man's face in. They fight for her and against her: against her primeval reflex to lurch upright, cover her nakedness, and run, horse, run. At last the four legs are bunched, slung: machinery, with more horsepower, will tow her to an operating room. But the left shoulder is in bits: irreparable: splintery. And by eight o'clock Flying Water will have been given a dull chemical death.

In the jocks' room at Belmont next day, I can sense no barometric dip. Cruguet might take himself off a mount or two: but he'll ride five of nine at least. Mares have died, and men: next topic. Meanwhile, the pari-mutuel must be fed, taxed, fed: even on Sunday afternoon. A card game shuffles along: great-great-grandson of the card game I've seen every morning here. "Last call for the first race. Last call," says Jimmy Zimmerman, clerk of the scale, over his PA mike. Another day at the office.

Exit . . . Entrance . . . Exit . . . Entrance. From here on in, it'll be like waiting offstage at a nine-act ballet, with nine quick-changes. The valet is greatly underappreciated at Belmont—at any track. While the jocks play ping-pong, he preens by proxy. Small, well-shined boots will stand on their own two feet beneath each open locker. Above: three or four saddles: the jock's "tack." Still further above: a



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two-by-two-by-two cubicle, a glorified medicine chest. And, on its hook, one helmet: heads hung down by their chinstrap all around: the only protection an otherwise softshell jockey has. Valets must mete out weights: a different handicap for every horse: flat lead pigs shoved into their saddle slot. By one o'clock each valet has been to the color room: a most hyperbolic place. Livery enough here for at least one thousand clowns. I feel as if I'd been sentenced to imprisonment in a Seurat. "Red and gold diamonds, red sleeves, gold hoop, red and gold cap." "Salmon pink, emerald green sash and cap." A little coat (or jacket) of arms for every nouveau-riche horse owner in town.

Entrance again: they rip their numbered leather armbands off—each man a soldier resigning his commission—and throw them (slap, slap, slap, slap) down on the clerk's table: down hard. You can pick up anger, frustration, triumph. And it's not hard to tell who lost: those behind have eaten dirt; they wear a solid mudpack under the goggle rim. I've covered many sports: jai alai alone is like this: I mean, men who must compete, one against another, with savage passion, and then co-exist, family-style: five, six hours in the same large living room.

Wherever I walk—press box, backstretch, security, concession stand—there are little men gone dense at the belt. Another ex-jock who can't keep away from Belmont: beset, even a decade or two later, with post poles that flash past in his long night dream. Career ended by appetite or injury or the Stevie Cauthen of that particular time. One has shown me his dead, cadaver-blue left arm: and photographs of the accident that made it a nerveless hanger-on. I plan to interview Ron Turcotte; then I change my mind. He seems sour, out of it, down. In 1973 Turcotte (remember now?) hauled Secretariat to the Triple Crown. This afternoon he has four mounts, none of them better than a 5 to 1 shot. Eric Guerin, who rode Native Dancer, who made at least $1 million and spent certainly more than that, is a Belmont exercise boy now. I could go on, but you get my drift. It's a remorseless game.

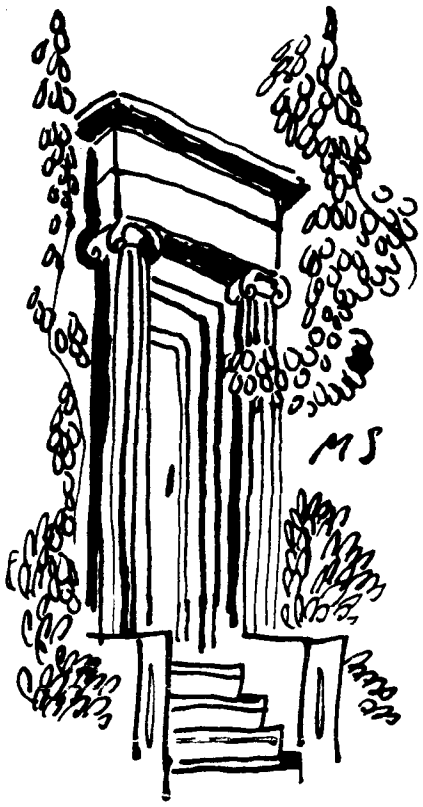
Exit/entrance. Exit/entrance. Exit . . . Exit . . . Danger is slighted, lost like a frail theme in the heavy left-hand rhythm of their work. But it has patience; it loiters around. Two weeks later Ron Turcotte was crushed in a dreadful fall at Belmont. After six weeks and three operations, Turcotte is still paralyzed below the waist. And I wonder: Did he remember Secretariat, their centaur-flying together, when he went down? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A REVOLUTION IN TASTE, *by Louis Simpson (Macmillan, 198 pp., $12.95).* Robert Frost once said that poems begin as a lump in the throat. The source for more recent American and English poems tends more toward knots in the intestine and other disorders of the lower regions, although the infection often rises to the brain. Thus Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Louis Simpson's study of four major twentieth century poets—Dylan Thomas, Allen Ginsberg, Sylvia Plath, and Robert Lowell—has only one shared theme throughout and that is madness: in Thomas' case swinishness and eccentricity carried a bit beyond the pale and a self-imposed death by drinking; in Ginsberg's, a pathetically loony striving for wisdom through chemistry; in Plath's, self-delusion and multiple suicide attempts (finally, one of them succeeded); and, in Lowell's case, a string of sabbaticals spent in funny-farms. Mr. Simpson is an entertaining, informed guide through the clogged sewers of four troubled artists' lives, and his critical appreciation of their work (in the case of Thomas, Lowell, and even Plath, not to be dismissed too lightly) is analytical where appropriate and always workmanlike. Simpson recognizes the increasing narcissism of modern poetry and, in a brief, basically on-target afterword, concludes: "To most people living in the West, poetry has become almost exclusively a means of self-expression. . . . For the time being . . . we are stuck with our sweating selves, and worse. By 'worse' I mean 'confessional' writing. One hears the author speaking of the most intimate details of his life, one sees the figure weeping, and then one remembers that this is all taking place before the camera." For the confessional school, the best advice is still probably that given to Dylan Thomas by Kingsley Amis:

They call you "drunk with words"; but when we drink
And fetch it up, we sluice it down the sink.
You should have stuck to spewing beer, not ink.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.



THE CHALLENGE OF THE MAHATMAS, *by Martin Green (Basic Books, 253 pp., $10.95).* The challenge of the Mahatmas is the call to non-violence, sexual denial, and vegetarianism. Martin Green has—somewhat arbitrarily, I should say—chosen two Mahatmas ("great souls") for us to emulate. They are an odd pair: Mahatma Gandhi, who used his purity, the devotion of his followers, and the pressure of hunger strikes as a political weapon; and Leo Tolstoy, the poet of family life, who abandoned his wife to preach sexual purity, after siring 13 children. Tolstoy is cited as a Westerner who in his last years gave up activism to follow the passivity of the East. His last works (*Resurrection, The Kingdom of God Is within You*) are said to have influenced Gandhi, on whom Green's case is heavily based. Written in rambling academic jargon, the book is a series of six lectures with first and final chapters tacked on—a format not calculated to improve its clarity. Gandhi's sole solution for the plight of the Jews in Hitler's Germany was mass suicide; for most of us, this does not seem like much of a solution. His rejection of worldliness applied not only to bodily cravings, but even to culture, art, and science. For the Mahatmas, "an enormous distance stretches between culture, at its most imaginative, and spirituality . . . our forms of knowledge are all a construct, artificial roofing that hides us from the vast abyss above." The Mahatmas tell us to give up the striv-

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ing of Western civilization and passive[ly] seek release from what the Hindus call the wheel of birth and death—to seek an end of physical life. The Buddha taught that one could avoid the pain of frustrated longing by stifling all desire. Westerners, however, are more likely to cure their desires by simply satisfying them. Pride in self-denial may be a practical psychological tool for those without hope, but in our high-consumption society, where luxurious and sensual pleasures are easily come by, the challenge of the Mahatmas is likely to have few takers. Our age is reflected in Noel Coward's quip, "Life is for living."

CAROLE CLEAVER

INNOCENTS OF THE WEST: *Travels through the Sixties, by Joan Colebrook (Basic Books, 454 pp., $15).* "Our age is a nuclear age, in which—war being too expensive—the natural tool of deceit comes into its own, and subversion becomes a 'growth industry.' It is an age of total power, in which the democracies lose their confidence and the individual voice has little resonance." If there is a theme to this book it is that of the international Communist conspiracy, and the consequent destruction of the West, both from without through worldwide terrorism, and from within, through intellectual naïveté. In sum, the sequel to this book could be called *Slaughter of the Innocents.* The Big Issue is the war in Vietnam. Proceeding from this essential point, Miss Colebrook discusses Communists, the domino theory, the tactics of barbarism and carnage encouraged by Communist terrorist training (it seems, to this day, that we are all too cavalier about that), and the lessons of history. Especially the lessons as taught by liberal pedagogues, who love to hate America the guilty, America the evil. Here are the innocents of the title—although to call them that, one must assume that ignorance and wrong-headedness are a type of innocence. The author has observed, and taken to the mat, the intellectuals whose palmistry sanctioned or at best ignored the real danger of Communism, and the liberals who saw Utopia in China, or Russia, or Cuba. They are here in all their glory and lunacy, observed first-hand and at close range. *Innocents of the West* is heavy going. The diary or journal form has never really worked except for the best of writers. Perhaps the fault here is the book's almost unrelenting Russian greyness. The reader is warned early on: "In packing suitcases and books, it is impossible to avoid packing as well a certain amount of depressing intellectual baggage." Never have the Sixties seemed so somber, so dull, or so bleak. This narrative, or rather diary, could depress a Swede.

JOE MYSAK

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

PRESIDENT CARTER'S decision to recognize Peking and revoke the mutual defense agreement with Taiwan has prompted the issue (or re-issue) of numerous books and monographs on Red China and official U.S. attitudes concerning it.

Rendering this mysterious subject scrutable, if less than pleasing, is David Nelson Rowe's *U.S. China Policy Today* (University Professors for Academic Order, 10831 Alabama Avenue, Sun City, Ariz. 85351; $2.95). Professor Rowe, long recognized as a leading authority on China, provides a compact, fast-moving survey of American dealings with Peking across the past three decades. With occasional exceptions, he shows, our policy throughout this span has been marked by vacillation and confusion, concluding in the feeble posture of the present hour.

Along the way, Professor Rowe exposes the fallacious notion that we can enjoy trade relations with Taiwan if and when official ties are severed and the treaty of mutual defense has been abrogated. The so-called "Japanese formula" won't work for us, he notes, since trade between Taipei and Tokyo has flourished only in the context of American security guarantees. Withdraw those guarantees and there can be no stable trade relationship.

The costs of such a renunciation are examined in *Two Chinese States*, edited by Ramon H. Myers of the Hoover Institution (Hoover Press, Stanford, Calif. 94305; $5.95). Contributors to this volume, in addition to the editor, include Professor Emeritus C. Martin Wilbur of Columbia, Professor Robert Scalapino of the University of California, William E. Whitson of the Congressional Research Service, and Norma Schroder of the National Bureau of Economics-West. This volume is particularly good in comparing the economic systems prevailing on the Mainland and on Taiwan.

That Communist China is poor and backward is generally recognized, although the reasons for this condition are seldom referred to. Less well-known is the fact that the Republic of China on Taiwan has a boom economy. Health and dietary standards are high and rising, per capita incomes have been on a steady upward curve, industry has expanded at a giddy pace, and foreign trade has mushroomed from $303 million in 1952 to $15.5 billion in 1976. The secret of this advance has been reliance on private enterprise and a climate of relative economic freedom.

The contrasting situation on the mainland is sketched for us in *Political Imprisonment in the People's Republic of China*, a report prepared by Amnesty International (Random House, $3.95). This is a compilation from official documents and unofficial refugee reports concerning the status of political and civil freedoms in Communist China. Despite the moderation of tone affected by its authors, the obvious meaning of this report is that there is no such thing as "rights" in Communist China. What is depicted is an Orwellian police state, in which people are routinely subjected to slave labor, imprisonment, sadistic mental torture, and summary execution.

AMNESTY REFUSES to hazard generalizations about the total number of those who have been killed or imprisoned by Peking, other than to quote some obviously understated figures from the Communists themselves. Less reticent is Professor Richard L. Walker of the University of South Carolina in *The Human Cost of Communism in China* (ACU Education and Research Institute, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; $1.50). This is the classic study, originally published by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, that estimates the death toll under Chinese Communism at anywhere from 34 million to 63 million human beings, depending on the sources cited and the assumptions used. □

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(Continued from page 352)

fied by Indochina precedents. The point seems to be that each faction is entitled to one unconstitutional foreign gambit. Professor Lawrence Tribe of Harvard Law School, however, points out that the Indochina cases yield "meager elucidation" of the circumstances that might justify unilateral presidential action, and that they may really stand for the constitutionality of Executive action only "where Congress has manifested some form of acquiescence."

The Vietnam War may have been constitutional on the merits, either because of the President's war-waging powers as commander-in-chief, or because of an initial congressional delegation of power. But if it was unconstitutional, any court to which the issue was properly presented had a duty to say so. That duty should be even more clear in the Taiwan treaty case, where a United States senator (the best plaintiff a court could ask for) accuses the President of usurping a specific Senate power expressly granted by the Constitution, without the least suggestion of Senate acquiescence or delegation.

The treaty case is also distinguishable from war-powers cases in that the President is not even arguably acting within one of his spheres of sole constitutional discretion. And the Court is not on unfamiliar ground with treaties, as it might be with wars: the Court has frequently construed treaties, and has even claimed the right to declare a treaty unconstitutional. Even if Goldwater's case were indistinguishable from the case against the Vietnam War, however, the point of having a written Constitution and an independent judiciary is to avoid repeating past unconstitutional actions and judicial evasions of duty.

Recent Supreme Court cases have suggested that the only true "political questions" may occur in the one or two situations where the text of the Constitution refers to Congress as a "court" or a "judge." The leading case, *Powell* v. *McCormack*, illustrated that even these textual commitments of judicial power to Congress would be strictly scrutinized and narrowly construed by the Court. *Powell* also flatly rejected the practical reason for the early development of the political-question doctrine: the fear of an "embarrassing conflict" between the Court and another branch of government, with the attendant risk that a Supreme Court decision might not be enforced.

There is no hint of a textual commitment of judicial power to the President under any of his foreign-affairs powers. Applications of the political-question doctrine to foreign-affairs issues, where they were not false political questions actually holding a certain act to be constitutional on its merits, were generally based on the fear of "embarrassing conflicts." With *Powell*, the Supreme Court rejected this balance-of-terror jurisprudence, and announced its intention henceforth to read the whole Constitution, even the embarrassing parts.

The doctrine of "embarrassing conflict" political questions was at war with the idea of a rule of law. Chief Justice Marshall said that the first duty of a court is "to say what the law is." If Jimmy Carter wants to take his ambassador-receiving power out on the open road and see what she'll do—if he recognizes Albania and Jonestown and Atlantis, and is taken to court for it—he should win on the merits, because the law is on his side. But Senator Goldwater is entitled to his day in court, too. The Supreme Court must decide whether the Taiwan treaty is still "the supreme Law of the Land," and, if so, what should be done about it. □

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the superlatives.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 332)

cultural conformism Christianity has had to struggle from its earliest times, when St. Paul pleaded: "And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind" (Rom. 12:2). A realistic correlation of the Christian message with the cultural assumptions and symbols of a given period is indeed the perennial task of Christian teaching, so long as those assumptions do not undermine the Christian memory or assume lordship over it.

Self-assertive, autonomous individualism is now in its last stages of historical development, trying desperately to learn how to midwife and nurture transgenerational values; yet, happily, we are now witnessing the birth of a post-modern era in which our very first task has become the recovery of the historical wisdoms so harshly snatched away from us by modernity. There is no clearer clue to the deterioration of modern consciousness than the failure of mobile persons to learn to sustain covenant bonds on a long-term basis. The temporary stresses under which the marriage bond exists today are merely an example of that deeper sense of the impotence into which all covenant bonds have fallen. This reading of modern history is developed further in the book from which the *NR* article was taken, *Agenda for Theology*.

If Mr. Brown is going to appeal to St. Paul, he would do well to be aware that Paul spent the major part of his missionary effort seeking to nurture communities of faith that have no resemblance whatever to the inhumane socialist experiment at Jonestown (sad that inflammatory images like Jonestown appear so predictably when polemical arguments are intrinsically weak). Indeed, while Paul focused his energies on the building of a community informed by the theological and moral perspective of the living Christ, he was forced to do constant battle with those who desperately wanted to build on some "other foundation" (I Cor. 3:11).

Thomas C. Oden
Madison, N.J.

Nasty and Brutish

Corinna Marsh's derogatory attack on "Anita Bryant types" is flat and unfunny ["I've Also Got a Little List," Feb. 16]. To mention Anita Bryant by name is cruel and un-Christian, and far below *NR*'s standards.

William R. Lund
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

London Time

On The Right

London, Feb. 12—Guess what Tony Benn proposes as a solution to the strike that has closed the London *Times* and the *Sunday Times*, the Romulus and Remus of British journalism? Why, that they be nationalized and run by the BBC! Tony Benn used to be Lord Stansgate, then merely Anthony Wedgwood Benn, now Tony Benn, and I have previously remarked that, in his holy pursuit of total self-proletarianization, he will in due course drop the second "n" in his last name, as, after all, an affectation. He even managed over the years to shorten his entries in Who's Who, and this year he managed vaporization. All of which is wonderfully quaint and eccentric. The trouble is that Tony is the de facto leader of the Left faction of the Labor Party. The ostensible leader is, in the unkind words of one of Margaret Thatcher's shadow ministers, Mr. Norman St. John-Stevas, a "corpse": "The body is dead, but the hair goes on growing."

British politics is pretty lively stuff compared to our own. And the press's handling of it is wonderfully uninhibited. The *Telegraph*, which is one of the most readable serious newspapers in the English-speaking world, is a model of journalistic vivacity. This was a big political weekend for the Tories, who, speaking of corpses, are keen to get on with an election so as to send the morticians along to Number 10.

THE PRINCIPAL difficulty is that James Callaghan, whom Margaret Thatcher has compared unfavorably to Moses, apparently loves living at Number 10 Downing Street, a preference—given the price of comfortable living quarters anywhere else in London—entirely understandable. Mrs. Thatcher has the unattractive habit of reminding Mr. Callaghan of some of his statements in the past, for instance that only a Labor Government could control inflation. After her denunciation of him, the crowd of young Conservatives at their annual conference—but let the *Telegraph* reporter speak: "'Oh!' the crowd gasped. 'The rotter! Let the cowardly custard come out and fight!'"

The situation has become quite tense meanwhile. Every day, it appears, there is a fresh strike, legal or not. British Leyland's union voted 2 to 1 not to strike, but one of its divisions simply proceeded to do so anyway. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke out sternly about "the forces of selfishness [which] are rampant. It is each man for himself and never mind if someone gets hurt or dies." He recalled the words of Keir Hardie, father of the Labor movement, who had preached the return to the words of the Gospel. "I wonder what he would think, if he were in Britain today?" Dr. Coggan was answered by Arthur Latham, chairman of the London Labor Party. "I am sick of this man's pontificating. . . . What about the greed of his own church?"

The letter-writers, though deprived of their cherished *Times*, are productive as ever. One correspondent has an ingenious idea for settling the problem, one that goes beyond the suggested reforms of Mrs. Thatcher. The essential elements of her reforms are (in the *Telegraph*'s summation): "Civil legislation (not sparing union funds) against the closed shop, enforceable legislation against intimidatory picketing, and the imposition of 'no-strike' agreements, with appropriate compensatory clauses about pay, on workers in essential services."

But this correspondent sees the whole problem as a macho contest. Given the creeping realization that the gains are fanciful, thanks to inflation and taxation, the idea is to get more than the other person. So the marvelous suggestion is that all wage fights be conducted in terms of "units." If, let us say, a worker is earning £80 per week and insists on a 20 per cent increase, his union would hit out for 96 units. After all the bargaining is done—say during the month of January—an economic council distills the gross units contracted for; and then surveys the economic situation in terms of productivity, exports, the strength of the pound—and announces the value that year of a unit. But if, say, the unit is declared to be worth 90 per cent of what it was worth previously, the fellow who won 96 units would get £96 less 10 per cent, or £86.40, but would have the psychic satisfaction of having got more than the other guy. Wish we had thought of that.

But these are profound moments in British history, and this is sensed everywhere. "There is no evidence," Angus Wilson lectured in connection with an exhibit of the papers of Rudyard Kipling, who, though practically forgotten, is now making a momentous comeback, "that he wanted Western laws imposed on everyone. He had immense admiration for wandering groups and felt they should have their own values. But values they must have, because Kipling understood better than anyone else the melancholia and terror of life without them. He deals with nervous anxiety; the breakdown of men is the essence of his works."

The reporter commented: "It was this aspect which explained why a young student audience hung on the lecturer's every word, when their predecessors, a decade ago, would probably not have bothered to attend." What are England's values?—that is exactly the question. □

ST. CRISPIN'S DAY, COMING UP

London, Feb. 16—"Oh, don't worry," said the dashing young MP. "It will happen. It has always happened when one group has got out of hand. We tamed the barons, didn't we? Then the king. Then the church. Then the House of Lords. Then the industrialists. We will now tame the unions." It is fair to say that that sentiment prevails among buoyant British men of affairs with a sense of history. Certainly it is the will of the people, a week-old Gallup poll showing that no less than 84 per cent of the public have become convinced that the power of the trade unions is inordinate. However when one gets around to asking just how the objective is to be accomplished, there is a certain tentativeness. Not an inarticulateness—the English will not achieve inarticulateness until Education Minister Shirley Williams has administered the schools for another generation. But a genuine sense of powerlessness.

Neil Kinnock, an engaging Welsh MP, red-haired, amusing, relaxed, is the total socialist, of the stripe of Tony Benn, who says things like: "How are you in fact going to put limits on the right to picket? What will the police do? Arrest a hundred thousand people?" Some of his counterparts in the House of Commons get ex-

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tremely indignant over talk of that kind. Is Britain less obedient to the rule of law, they ask, than France or Germany—or even Italy, all three of which regulate what pickets can do and cannot do? Kinnock simply smiles. Up until 1976, a picket addressing employees of a company supplying the picket's company was allowed to communicate to said employees only that the company their company supplied was being struck. Nothing more. If that picket attempted to persuade an employee to join in what we call a secondary boycott, the offender could be sued under the law for committing the tort of "inducing a breach of commercial contract." That restriction was removed by the Callaghan government as a payoff to the trade unions. Could a Conservative government reverse the law? Make it yet stricter by outlawing any attempt to hit out at secondary enterprises?

Mrs. Thatcher is cautious. She speaks about labor reforms of the kind that might get the cooperation of the Trades Union Congress. There is a feeling that unless the unions themselves cooperate, the problem is very nearly insuperable. An effective veto by a mintority interest would be a first in British history. Churchill's famous phrase was, "If the British Commonwealth and Empire lasts for a thousand years, men will still say; 'This was their finest hour.' " It struck many people as curious that a phrase so rollicking in self-assurance should be introduced by a conditional: *if* Britain lasts for a thousand years? Why not ten thousand? But just that question now arises: for the unions may yet prove to be unassimilable. Forty per cent of the working population in the private sector belong to the trade unions. Eighty per cent of all public employees do. If anything like one-half or even one-quarter of such employees defy the law, you will be left with an inoperative law. Even as the laws in so many states of our own Union prohibiting strikes by public employees have proved unenforceable. The victim, or rather the corpse, would be representative government.

HOPEFUL ENGLISHMEN will tell you that the fate of the country rests really with the social democrats. Their commitment to democracy was the sine qua non in the genes that came together at the turn of the century to bring on socialism. During the past generation the social democrats have become instruments of a vested interest: hirelings. The central British problem, writes the eloquent Sir Keith Joseph, "is the present ability of trade unions to force the rest of society to pay for the inflation which unions themselves are now making it harder to eliminate." Everyone recognizes that the trade unions are that: a vested interest, antagonistic, in fact, to the working class as a whole. Antagonistic to full employment and a rising standard of living. "If you artificially increase the price of butter," wrote the London *Times*, "you get a butter mountain. And if you artificially increase the price of labor, you get a man mountain, i.e., unemployment."

The social democrats are a wistful lot. Socialism has not proved out. Britain has not prospered under their custody. They are left with nothing except the power they get as a result of consenting to serve as the instrument of a trade union movement dominated by the ideological Left. The great question is how many of them will leave their traditional party in order to make common cause for Great Britain. Another St. Crispin's Day is ahead for the social democrats. Those of them who will fight for their country will prolong its life as a democracy. □

IN RE BHUTTO

London, Feb. 14—British television on Monday did a special on former Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, one segment of which illustrates a strange absence of curiosity in the press about the question of Bhutto's guilt or innocence. Another segment gave us a view of General Zia, Pakistan's Holy Terror, which will not do much for the tourist business to Pakistan.

Concerning the former point: Did Bhutto in fact conspire to murder a political opponent? There is a huge manual published in the English language that's available, one gathers, in Rawalpindi to anyone curious to see it. It is the basic trial document, together with the affidavits of the relevant witnesses. There are other documents damaging to Bhutto, including one, over one thousand pages long, allegedly detailing Bhutto's supervision of a rigged election. It is not, of course, clear why a government that chooses not to have elections at all is fretting over a predecessor government's having rigged an election. But the fact of the matter is that we do not really know whether Bhutto was guilty or innocent, and (so far as I know) few people have made any effort to establish the facts.

BECAUSE GENERAL ZIA is a dictator, it is easy to assume that Bhutto is a political victim. But the lobby to pardon Bhutto would be more persuasive if, let us say, it could summon the moral force available to those who protested the imprisonment of Shcharansky. About him one could say with some confidence that here was an innocent man being persecuted because he was a) a dissident and b) Jewish. Appeals to the Soviet Union don't generally work unless they are accompanied by freedom for a convicted agent, a million tons of wheat, or, preferably, both. Still, there is a moral force behind them that the appeal for Bhutto has yet to generate.

Now, one reason for this is that the prestige of international appeals has greatly dissipated because of the licentious use of such appeals. The most conspicuous recent example was the tizzy the entire world talked itself into when Franco ordered the police to proceed with the execution of five convicted terrorists in 1975—convicted of killing innocent men, two of them policemen. Nearly everybody got into the act, including Pope Paul. At the United Nations, President Echeverría of Mexico instructed his ambassador to call for the expulsion of Spain from the UN in retaliation for this atrocity. No one, during that jag, bothered to charge that the terrorists had been framed, because their guilt was manifest. The international protests were motivated by different factors. They came from capital punishment abolitionists, anti-Francoists of every persuasion, and the political Left.

So that when the BBC asked General Zia whether the appeals from the leaders of the world community in behalf of Bhutto had impressed him, he replied: "Not at all." Why had they not impressed him, the interviewer persevered. "Because he is guilty and no man is above the law."

Now here General Zia has something of a problem. Because he himself is clearly above the law. He seized power in a coup, promised elections which he thereupon postponed. Promises elections now before the end of the year, but says calmly that "I" will decide exactly "when" it is "suitable" to have elections. Moreover, the "law" as executed by General Zia is a rather off-putting institution. It prescribes eighty lashes for any Moslem caught drinking alcohol, or for any non-Moslem caught drinking outside his home or indeed caught drunk outside his home. A man found guilty of stealing will lose one hand; a repeated offense calls for the loss of the other hand. And yes, adultery calls for execution by stoning. But there is, General Zia's office pointed out, what one might call a loophole of sorts: four witnesses to the adultery are required. This makes adultery moderately safe unless Plato's Retreat sets up a branch in Rawalpindi. General Zia was not asked by the BBC what he would do to someone taken in adultery while drunk celebrating a robbery. Perhaps Mohammed forgot to specify—you can't think of everything, even if you *are* God's spokesman.

But the wretched Bhutto now has only a few days. Genuine indignation might not move General Zia in any event, but it would surely gain strength from a competent opinion on the question: Did he, or didn't he, arrange to murder somebody? □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Sign a ninety-day note on this day and you'll have a short winter — 138 56 68 75 86 150 197 222 33 97 / 110 125 89

B. Another name for Esther's husband Xerxes — 155 7 30 133 151 216 122 218 98

C. Esther's predecessor as queen of Persia — 170 184 32 13 189 24

D. Perpetual — 186 198 205 114 146 175 37 47

E. Where the oracle was located — 140 147 55 157 196 39

F. Type of lawmen, World War I — 215 123 69 132 152 181 142 199 77 109 / 156 192

G. A suffragist — 221 71 185 134 40 166 79

H. The father of Mordecai's arch-enemy — 2 131 22 36 139 172 177 111 190 202

I. One of Minnesota's nicknames — 15 117 66 73 90 223 43 48 78 6 / 51 21 60 96

J. EL HONEST PEOPLE — 28 5 17 67 80 52 61 88 102 115 / 126 163 171 179

K. The first president of Congress after Articles of Confederation ratified — 44 158 41 9 187 59

L. A framework on which fruit trees are trained to grow flat — 53 42 101 85 95 224 212 176

M. Something serving for guidance or direction — 65 149 188 34 200 137 159 208

N. The first man to fly — 72 29 167 87 217 4 58 130 135 141 / 203 220 81

O. WRY BREED — 16 18 1 92 8 26 35 46

P. The difference in days between a solar year and a lunar year — 91 219 11 106 162

Q. When Samuel Pepys arose — 94 214 120 99 57 210 143

R. What expert puzzlers don't use — 103 45 62 54 76 121 127 145 160 19 / 168 174 50 63

S. A state characterized by unmanly softness — 113 104 180 204 209 193 31 70 148 164

T. A country in Asia — 124 108 83 112 14 161 165 194 213 25 / 225

U. Type of lawmen, all wars — 20 3 38 49 74 105 173 116 136 169 / 191 12 64

V. A great place to live but the craziest place I've ever been — 27 23 182 107 10

W. A poem to honor a dog? — 84 93 178 154 119 207 195 128 211

X. What New Yorkers would like to have during newspaper strikes — 118 82 183 144 129 153 100 206 201

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 378 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 O	2 H	3 U	4 N	5 J		6 I	7 B	8 O	9 K	10 V	11 P	12 U	13 C
	14 T	15 I	16 O		17 J	18 O	19 R		20 U	21 I	22 H	23 V	24 C		25 T	26 O	27 V		28 J
29 N	30 B	31 S	32 C	33 A	34 M	35 O	36 H	37 D	38 U	39 E	40 G	41 K	42 L		43 I	44 K	45 R	46 O	
47 D	48 I	49 U	50 R		51 I	52 J	53 L		54 R	55 E	56 A	57 Q	58 N	59 K	60 I		61 J	62 R	
63 R	64 U	65 M	66 I	67 J	68 A	69 F		70 S	71 G	72 N	73 I	74 U	75 A	76 R		77 F	78 I	79 G	80 J
81 N	82 X	83 T	84 W	85 L	86 A		87 N	88 J		89 A	90 I	91 P		92 O	93 W	94 Q	95 L	96 I	
97 A	98 B		99 Q	100X	101L	102J	103R	104S	105U	106P	107V		108T	109F	110A		111H	112T	113S
	114D	115J	116U	117I	118X	119W	120Q	121R		122B	123F	124T	125A	126J	127R		128W	129X	
130N	131H	132F		133B	134G	135N	136U	137M	138A	139H	140E		141N	142F		143Q	144X	145R	146D
147E	148S	149M		150A	151B	152F		153X	154W		155B	156F	157E	158K	159M	160R	161T	162P	163J
164S		165T	166G	167N	168R	169U	170C	171J	172H		173U	174R		175D	176L	177H	178W	179J	180S
181F	182V	183X	184C	185G	186D	187K	188M		189C	190H	191U	192F		193S	194T		195W	196E	197A
	198D	199F	200M	201X	202H	203N	204S		205D	206X	207W	208M		209S	210Q	211W	212L		213T
214Q	215F	216B	217N		218B	219P	220N	221G	222A	223I	224L	225T							

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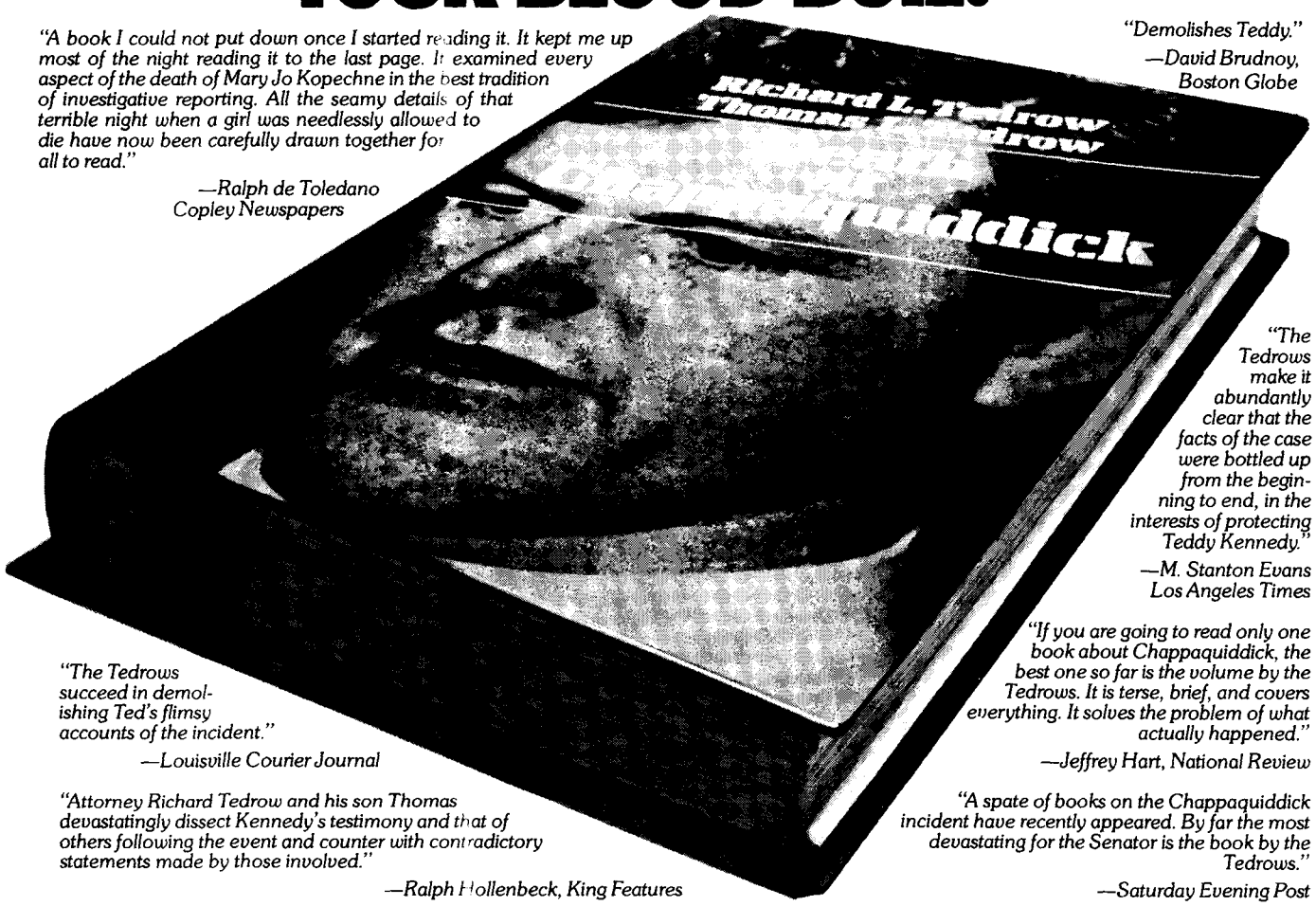

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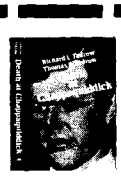

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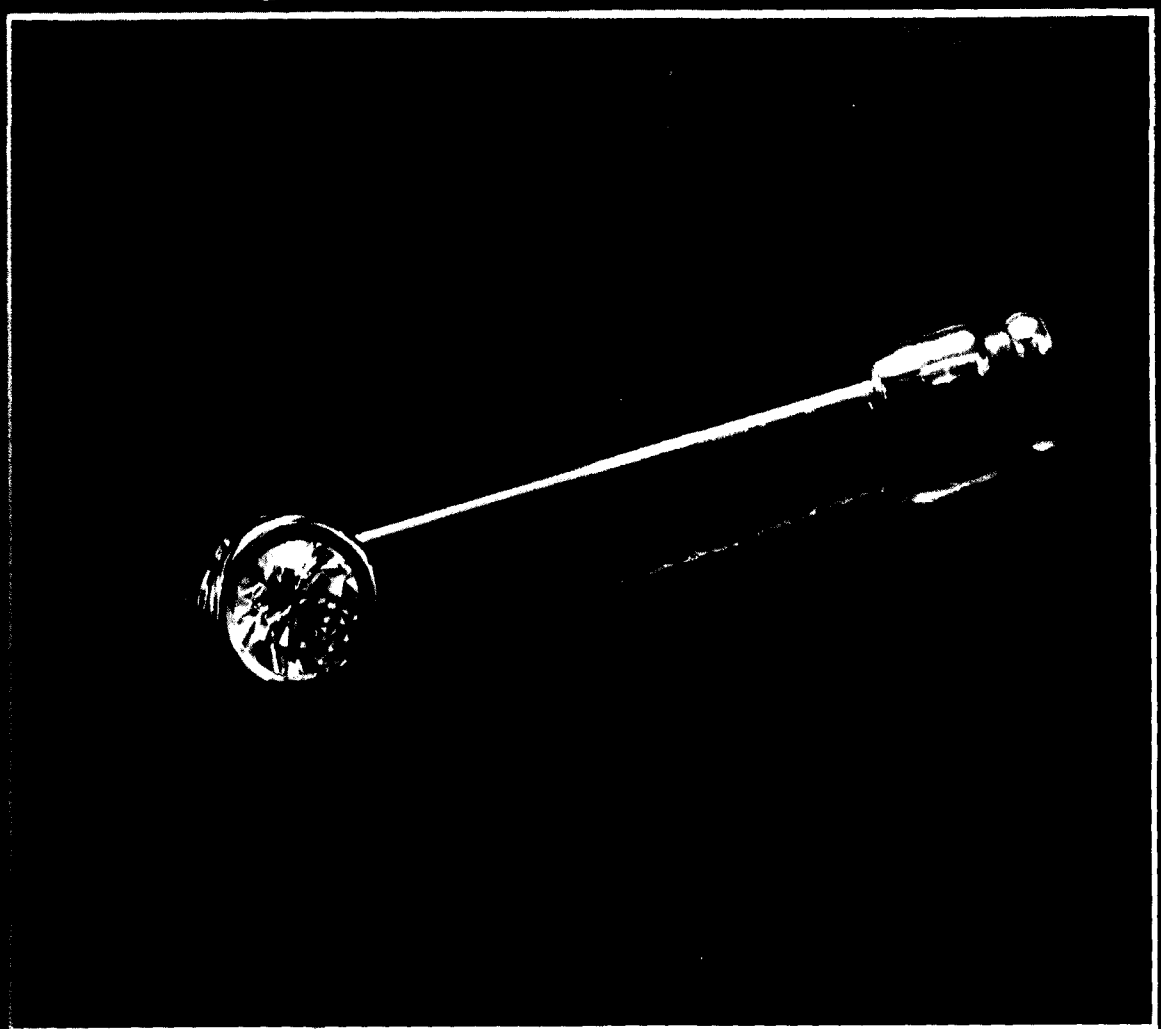

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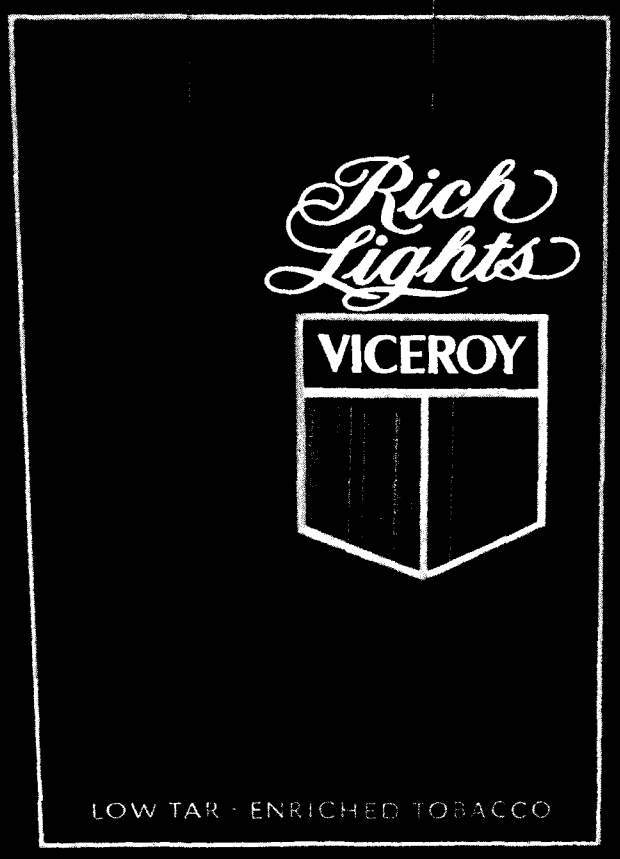

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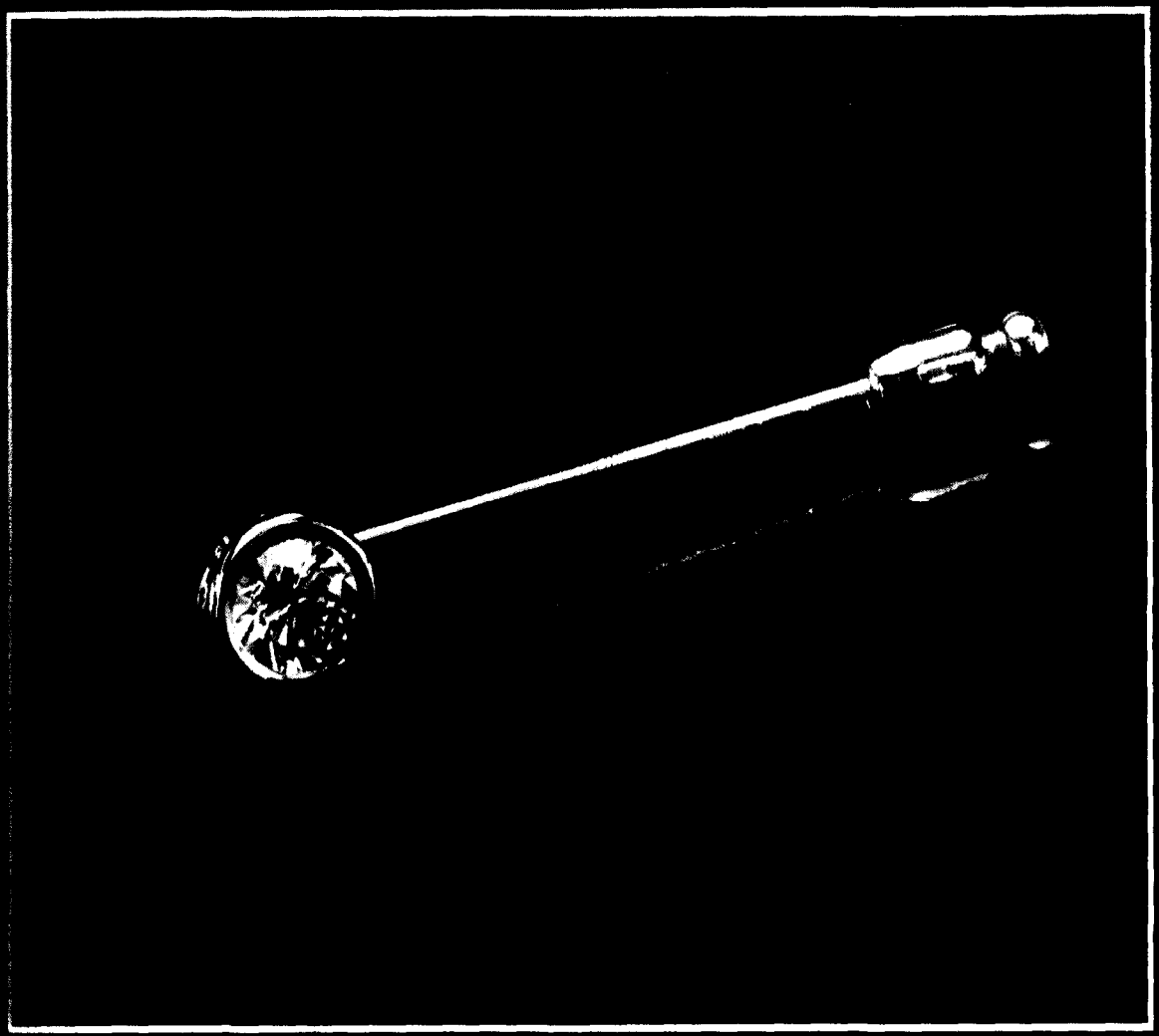

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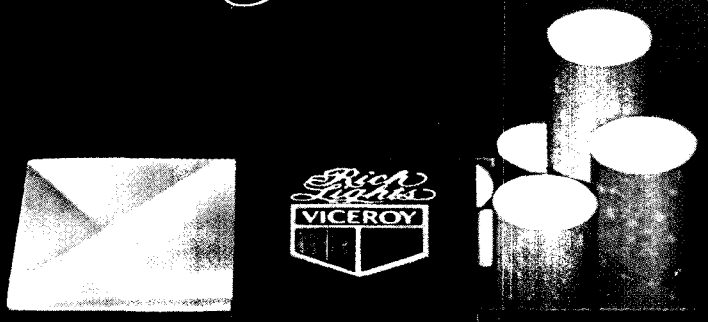

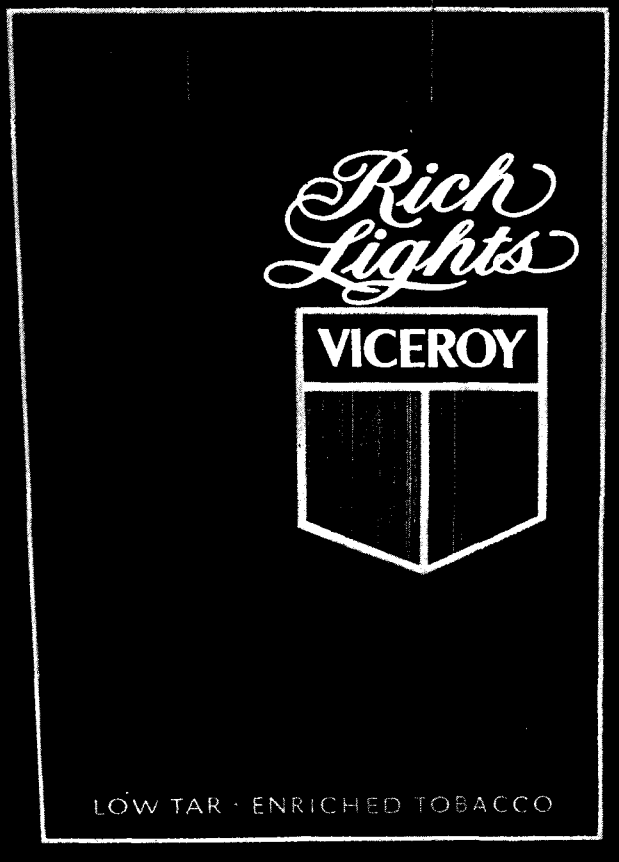

The first low'tar'cigarette good enough to be called *Rich*.

Kings and 100's.

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